THE REAL-LIFE ROBINSON CRUSOE

JULY 2005

Smithsonian

MALI'S ELEPHANT HIGHWAY

SYRIA AT A CROSSROADS

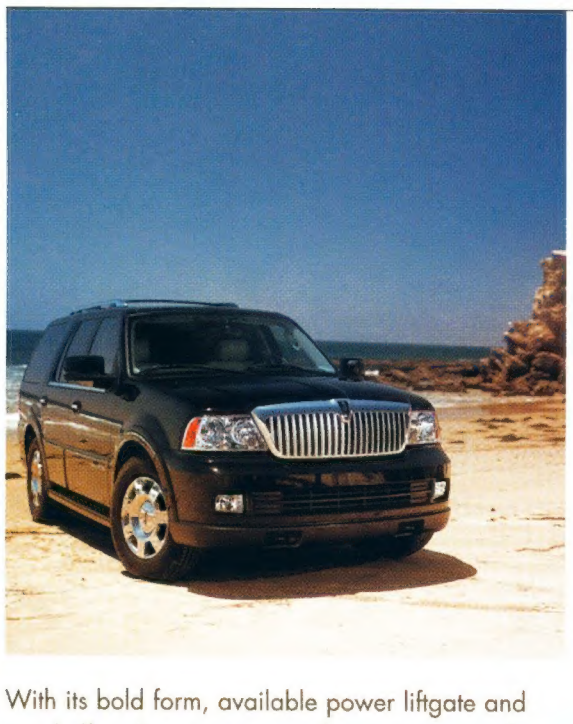
OUR PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

SOLVING AMERICA'S BIGGEST ART HEIST

A CIVIL BATTLE FOR A CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELD

AGED WALNUT. PAINSTAKING DETAILS.

WHAT ROCK STAR WOULD DARE SMASH THIS?



With its bold form, available power liftgate and top-shelf audio system, recording artists as well as roadies are fans of the Lincoln Navigator.

*Leather-trimmed first- and second-row seats. **Available feature.

It took 20 years before Bob Taylor, the guru of guitars, actually liked the instruments he labored over. His passion for guitars, ignited in high school, drove Taylor to hone and refine his handmade guitars to a distinctive sound. Today, Taylor guitars are the prized possessions of rock star legends and spotlight wannabes.

It doesn't happen by accident and it doesn't happen overnight. Taylor's pursuit of perfection can be summed up in one word. Craftsmanship. The fine art of perfecting detail. Taylor has built the Taylor Guitar empire on it. Lincoln Navigator has built a dedicated following on it.

Like the subtle curve of a Taylor guitar neck, the feel of Navigator's walnut steering wheel provides similar gratification. The grip is solid and graceful. Leather upholstery* abounds. Turned, tucked and pleated, it is as much fashion as it is function. Polished satin-nickel accents are as satisfying to the touch as the high-gloss finish of a Taylor six-string.

But style is second only to function. Controls, intuitively placed, are easily reached for the utmost driving confidence. So the Navigator driver is poised for optimum performance.

Taylor strives for the same feeling. "When someone picks up a Taylor guitar, the shape of the neck feels good in the hands. The ability to transition chords on a fingerboard, high up on the neck, makes all the difference." Artists worldwide agree. The distinctive sound of a Taylor guitar, like Navigator's THX® Certified Audio System,** plays true and clear.

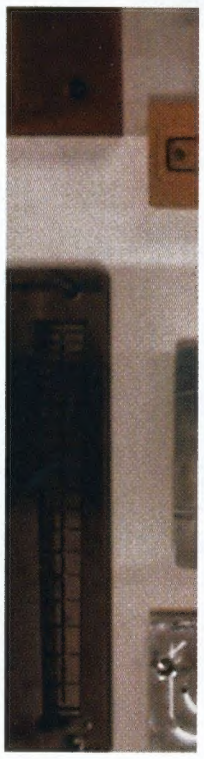
Whether you're facing a six-city tour or a six-lane highway, there is common ground in the uncommon craftsmanship of a Navigator. Go online for Bob Taylor's inside tour of guitars and Navigator amenities.

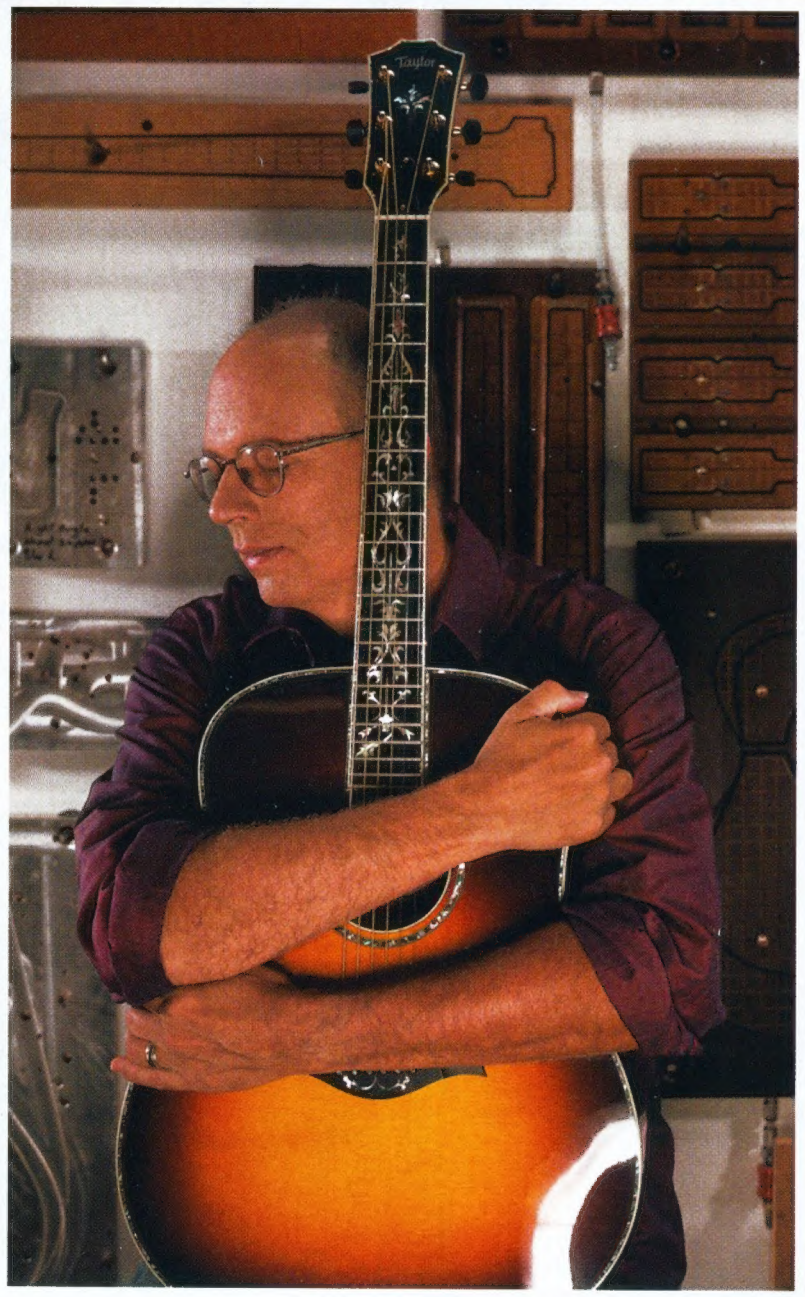
TRAVEL WELL

Bob Taylor,
Co-founder of Taylor Guitars

Taylor began using walnut in his guitars back in the '70s for its beauty. Another place where walnut is at home: the Navigator.

A self-dubbed "audio nut," Taylor installed THX® Certified Audio in his home theater. Another detail also available in the Navigator.





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A storied black Civil War regiment proved its mettle on South Carolina's Morris Island in 1863. Today a new battle is under way there—between a developer and preservationists

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Scientists in West Africa are tracking the world's most peripatetic pachyderms—remnants of a much larger herd—to safeguard their survival

BY LAURA HELMUTH

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Pressured by the United States and internal critics—and plagued by a wilting economy—Bashar al-Assad's government faces its greatest crisis since taking office five years ago

BY STEPHEN GLAIN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE BROOKS

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From more than 30,000 entries, we proudly present the winners of our second annual photo contest. Let's give them a round of applause

82 THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

The adventures of a hot-tempered and impetuous Scottish pirate named Alexander Selkirk inspired one of literature's greatest adventures, as our author, himself a member of the family, recounts

BY BRUCE SELCRAIG

92 RIPPED FROM THE WALLS (AND THE HEADLINES)

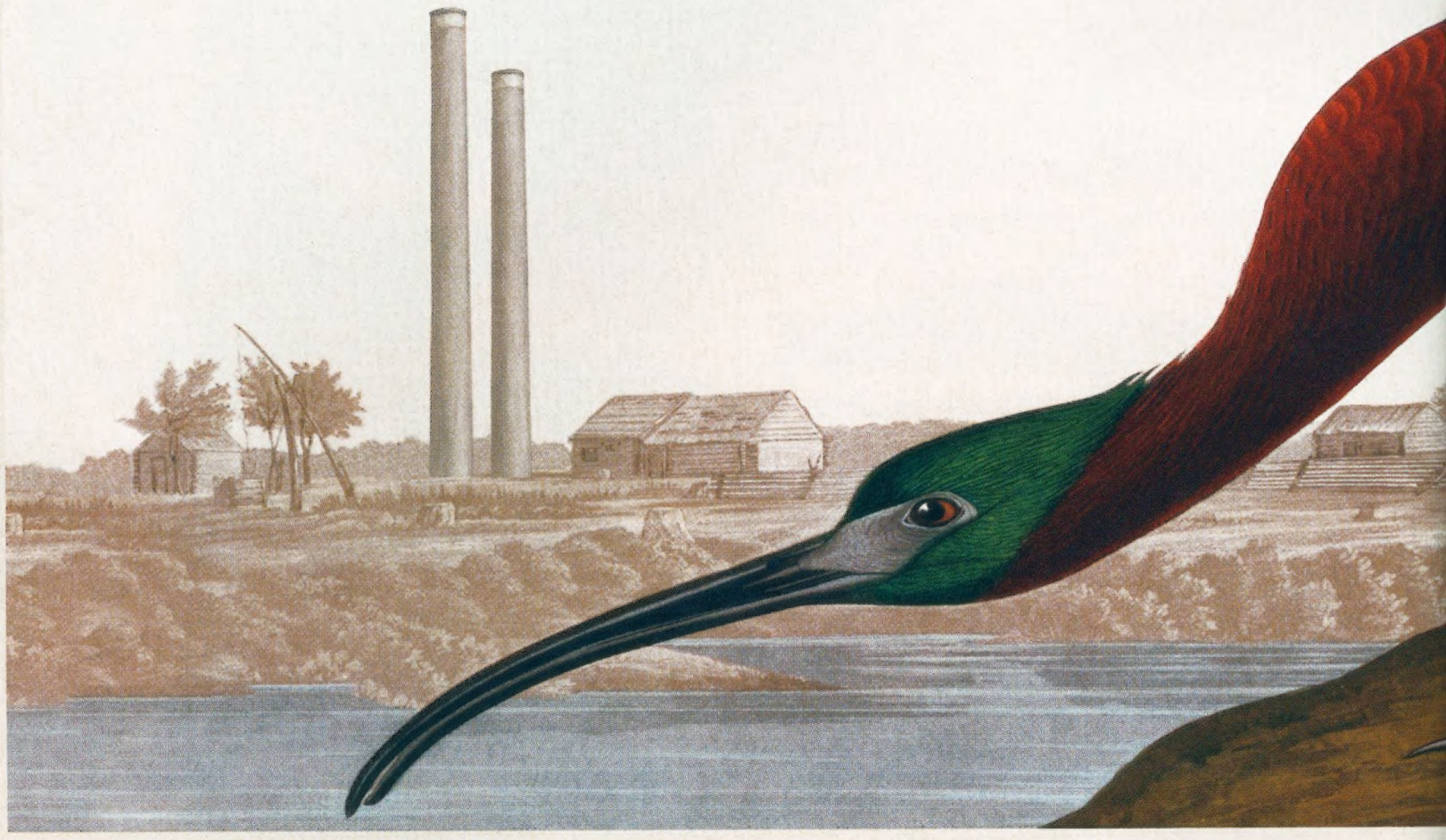
Fifteen years after robbers broke into Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum to pull off the biggest art theft in U.S. history, a former Scotland Yard investigator believes he's cracked the case

BY ROBERT M. POOLE / PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARY WOLINSKY

"In taking photos," says Marlo Sarmiento, whose parents kept the first photograph he ever shot, "I look for swaths of color, interplays of light and unorthodox vantage points, something that came to fruition [here]."

THIS PAGE: Reader Marlo Sarmiento (whose nephew, Jack, hides in the folds of a Calder sculpture in New York City) is the winner of the Culture and The Arts category of SMITHSONIAN's second annual photo contest.

COVER: Mali's elusive nomadic elephants (in a rare sighting on their way to a watering hole near Banzena) travel up to 35 miles a day. Photograph by Carlton Ward Jr.



and Smokestacks

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Cleaner coal technology. Just one way ecomagination is creating a better world. imagination at work

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Robert Doisneau's most celebrated photograph, of lovers kissing at the Hôtel de Ville, became his most controversial
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In South Dakota, the Old West comes alive when fake wranglers and real Indians stage scenes for art's sake
BY DEVON JACKSON

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BY EMILY SOHN

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TOCQUEVILLE'S AMERICA

The French visitor's keen insights and observations about the United States seem remarkably fresh
BY CLELL BRYANT

"There have been enough false sightings of the paintings—in furniture stores, seedy antiques marts and tiny apartments—to turn Elvis green with envy."

—"RIPPED FROM THE WALLS (AND THE HEADLINES)," PAGE 92

THIS PAGE: The Gardner Museum thieves walked off with 13 works of art valued today at up to $500 million (Rembrandt's *Lady and Gentleman in Black*, 1633).

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ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

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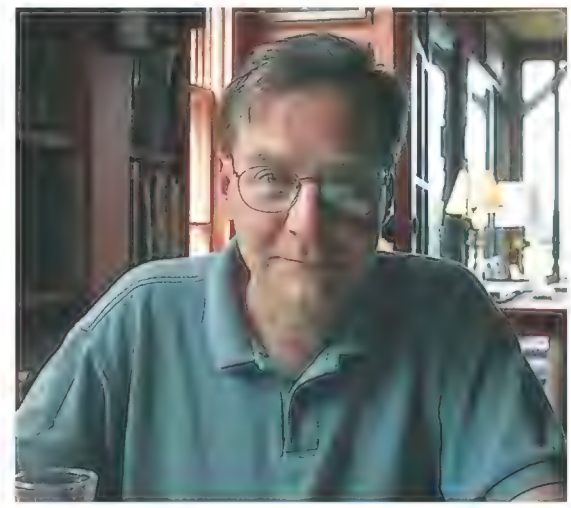
EDITOR'S NOTE

MAKING TRACKS

ON THE TRAIL OF ART THIEVES AND ELUSIVE ELEPHANTS

BY CAREY WINFREY

"IT'S THE BIGGEST art heist of modern times and it remains tantalizingly unsolved, with enough red herrings to start a cannery," says Robert Poole, author of "Ripped from the Walls (and the Headlines)," p. 92. "The range of characters is novelistic, from the museum's delightfully eccentric founding mother, Isabella Stewart Gardner, to thieves disguised as cops, a Boston gangster, a failed priest considered the world's best art detective and an erudite crook who earned his MENSA papers behind bars."



Poole: A novelistic range of characters.

As for who stole the paintings from Boston's Gardner Museum, Poole buys into most of the scenario advanced by British detective Charles Hill; you'll have to read the article to find out what it is.

PHOTOGRAPHER CARLTON WARD JR. photographed the rare nomadic pachyderms for our story "Saving Mali's Migratory Elephants," p. 56. "Living in the Sahel, where temperatures soared above 120 degrees in the shade, was hard enough," he says. "Photographing an elusive herd that moved mostly at night often seemed impossible. One time I followed their tracks for a week just to get a fleeting glance of them crossing the desert at dusk. Because getting close to the elephants was so difficult, I employed a camera trap. An infrared beam forms an electronic tripwire which triggers a camera and pair of strobe flashes. For the [subscriber] cover photograph, I set the trap in open desert near where I had previously seen the animals emerge from the forest for their nightly journey to water. I was a few hundred yards away watching with binoculars when the elephants tripped it. I saw the flashes, but I did not see the photo until I returned to the U.S. a month later. For the same perspective with a camera in hand, the elephants would probably have avoided me, and if they didn't, when the flash went off my life would have been in serious danger."

Ward (with Tuareg guide): A week spent following tracks for just a fleeting glance.

Guiding Light

New palm-size computers show videos and maps to lead visitors around—even to a good cup of joe

A TRUSTED GUIDE makes travel all the more rewarding. A good one tells us about what we're seeing, makes sure we're well fed and keeps us from getting lost. Starting this summer, visitors can journey through the Castle and the collections of three Smithsonian museums in the helpful company of a personal guide—a hand-held, electronic one. The new SI*guides* are part of a pilot program designed to better provide visitors with all sorts of information, including where to get a cup of coffee or a bite to eat. SI*guides* are interactive maps, communication devices, sketchbooks and friendly, knowledgeable companions all in one. When everybody in your group has an SI*guide*, it's easy to stay in touch, even if you've wandered into different parts of a building, by sending wireless messages to one another.

At the Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle, visitors can try out SI*guides* for free as they roam around—and learn about—the Great Hall, the Commons, Schermer Hall and James Smithson's crypt. In the museums, SI*guides* are available for rent.

An SI*guide*: More memory than the Apollo 11 computer—at 1/250th its size.

Visitors to the National Postal Museum can choose from several SI*guide*-led thematic tours that explore the history of the Postal Service. When you see something you want to learn more about after you leave the museum, the SI*guide* lets you save information in a personal scrapbook, which you can view on a customized, personal Web site.

Many visitors toting SI*guides* at the National Museum of American History (NMAH) will want to see the ruby slippers that Judy Garland wore in *The Wizard of Oz*. With an SI*guide*, you can look at the slippers and, at the same time, watch a video about them. You'll hear a curator tell the story about why the filmmakers decided to change the slippers from silver to ruby-red, an anecdote illustrated with images of the movie's script. The SI*guide* can even play a clip from the 1939 movie itself. At NMAH's "American Presidency" exhibition, SI*guides* offer visitors short films to enrich their understanding of the history behind objects such as the portable lap desk on which Thomas Jefferson wrote the initial drafts of the Declaration of Independence. And an SI*guide* allows you to do something you'd never be allowed to do in reality: you can move the desk around on your SI*guide* screen and lift its hinged writing board. You can also open the locking drawer that once held Jefferson's pens, papers and inkwell.

At the Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center, part of the National Air and Space Museum, SI*guides* show rarely seen historic footage as well as interviews with pilots, designers and engineers. The result is a museumgoing experience that immerses visitors fully in the history of air and space travel. While viewing the Space Shuttle *Enterprise* with an SI*guide*, you can watch a video about all the work required to ready the shuttle for display. In an interview featured on the SI*guides*, a pilot who flew the museum's SR-71 Blackbird, which made the trip from Los Angeles to Washington Dulles airport in 64 minutes, discloses newly declassified information about his top-secret flights.

Every object in every museum at the Smithsonian is full of such stories. The SI*guide* is just one new and exciting tool for sharing them with visitors. When James Smithson made his bequest to found the Institution, a place he envisioned as an "establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge," he could not have foreseen how rapidly technology in museums would develop—from multimedia exhibitions to cutting-edge Web sites to the astonishing little SI*guides*, each of which has thousands of times more memory than the computer aboard Apollo 11—but is only about 1/250th of its size. Then again, forward-thinking scientist that he was, maybe he imagined it all.

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LETTERS

Readers respond to the May issue:

EGGED ON

I TAKE ISSUE with John Mortimer's description in "Fried Eggs to Savor." It appears to me that the old woman in the Velázquez painting is poaching eggs, not frying them.

ANN L. DUBOIS
STAMFORD, NEW YORK

Many letters have made the same point. The curator and the author respond:

QUITE WHAT IS being cooked by the old woman and how have exercised a number of people over the years. In a letter of 1978, Jonathan Brown of the Institute of Fine Arts in New York communicated that a Spanish student of his was convinced that the old woman was preparing garlic soup. One problem with this theory is that no garlic is actually present in our painting. In his 1986 book on Velázquez, Professor Brown stated that the eggs were "being cooked in water or broth." At the time of the "Spanish Still Life" exhibition at the National Gallery in London in 1995, to which the picture was lent, there was an exchange of letters on this subject in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Alejandro Oliveros from the Universidad Central de Venezuela wrote that "the old woman is not frying eggs, she is poaching them." A response from Gillian Riley of London cited the expertise of "Spain's leading food historians, Alicia Ríos and Manuel Martínez Llopis." In their view, the old woman is instructing the young boy in the fine Spanish "art of frying eggs, one of the basic skills of olive oil cookery," and there follows several paragraphs of detailed (and for me convincing) exposition. I have always believed that the eggs are being fried, and it is significant that they are described as such in the earliest reference to the picture, in a Sevillian inventory of 1698 ("una vieja friendo un par de huebos").

AIDAN WESTON-LEWIS
SENIOR CURATOR, ITALIAN AND SPANISH ART
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND

I CAN ONLY SAY: if you poach eggs, you drop them into boiling water, and Velázquez didn't paint boiling water; I

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LETTERS

have eaten eggs in Spain cooked exactly as the old woman is cooking them; whatever method of cooking, the old woman clearly, as P.G. Wodehouse would say, is a good egg.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER
OXFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND

CANDID CAMERA?

SALLY MANN'S explanation of her controversial, nude photographs of her children ("Model Family") raises some questions. First, Mann said she let her children skinny-dip in the river near their house because there was no one else within five miles. Yet, ironically, she then sold the images of her naked children for all the world to see. Second, Mann commented that her children "were extremely generous and trusting, but I wouldn't recommend anyone else trying to do it." But if what she did was utterly acceptable for the purpose of creating art, then why shouldn't others do it as well?

C. K. ZEHFUS
SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN

LIFE ON EARTH

IN THE PHOTO on page 82 of scientists testing equipment on Svalbard for future use on Mars, the man lying prone has a rifle pointed straight at him. Those men need to take a hunter-safety course before they are allowed to handle firearms, and I am disappointed that you would print such a horrible example.

ROBERT DENNIS
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

The leader of the Arctic Mars Analog Svalbard Expedition responds:

I AM RESPONSIBLE for all safety issues in the field. This work calls for having a rifle at hand at all times, and all participants are required to complete a safety course. Operating in difficult terrain sometimes involves putting rifles to rest in awkward positions. For this reason the rifles are not loaded, and we always keep the cartridges in our pocket. But guns should never point in the direction of people. I will use the photograph to boost safety awareness in connection with this year's expedition.

HANS E.F. AMUNDSEN
OSLO, NORWAY

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July 1970

THE YEAR WE WERE BORN

A LOOK BACK AT THE WORLD IN SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE'S FIRST YEAR

CELEBRATING 35 YEARS SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

ALVIN TOFFLER

AUTHOR OF *FUTURE SHOCK*

Alvin Toffler at the Russell Sage Foundation during his appointment there, July 1970.

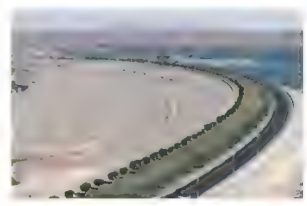
ALVIN TOFFLER remembers July 29, 1970, well. Not only was it his and wife Heidi's 20th wedding anniversary, it was also the day Random House published their book *Future Shock*. "We had no idea it would be such a success," he says today. "We thought the book would sell 30,000 hardcover copies at best." *Future Shock* sold more than 5 million paperback copies in the United States alone.

The book chronicles the rapid acceleration of change in society, such as "fractured families," which include temporary marriages. "Things were becoming more short-lived," says Toffler, 76, "not just products, but relationships." The impact of all this change, the Tofflers argued, leads to feelings of stress and disorientation—a.k.a. "future shock."

The couple, who live in California, continue to write and lecture about what's coming our way. —*MIMI KIRK*

Prince Charles, 21, and his sister, Princess Anne, 19, make their first visit to the United States July 16. Their itinerary includes a Camp David barbecue and a Washington Senators baseball game. "You know that Prince Charles," President Nixon commented. "He's a nice fellow."

IN THE NEWS



Egypt's Aswan High Dam is completed July 21, and the *New York Times* declares it the "country's greatest engineering work since the construction of the pyramids." The dam, which regulates the water level in the Nile Valley, prevents floods and droughts. It also supplies power to thousands of villages that previously lacked electricity.

On July 15, a House investigating committee reports that Army and State Department officers covered up a March 1968 massacre of hundreds of Vietnamese civilians by American soldiers in the hamlet of My Lai. Twenty-five officers and enlisted men were eventually charged with murder and related crimes. But only Lt. William Calley was convicted; he served three years of house arrest and now lives in Atlanta.

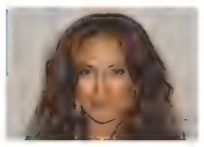
THE LIST

1970 Academy Awards

Best Picture: *Patton*
Best Actor: George C. Scott, *Patton*
Best Actress: Glenda Jackson, *Women in Love*
Best Supporting Actor: John Mills, *Ryan's Daughter*
Best Supporting Actress: Helen Hayes, *Airport*

Best Director: Franklin J. Schaffner, *Patton*
Best Original Screenplay: Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North, *Patton*
Best Cinematography: Freddie Young, *Ryan's Daughter*

COMINGS & GOINGS

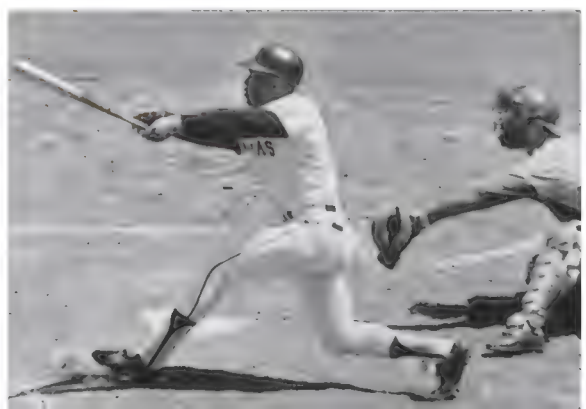


BORN:
Jennifer Lopez
Singer/Actor, July 24

DIED:
Antonio Salazar, 81,
Prime Minister of Portugal,
July 27

"I don't even think about those things. I just want to keep playing and don't want to stop now."

—**WILLIE MAYS**, ON CRACKING THE 3,000TH HIT OF HIS MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER, IN THE JULY 19 *WASHINGTON POST*



BETTMANN / CORBIS; ALVIN TOFFLER COLLECTION; RIGHT: AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; ADAM WOOLFITT / CORBIS; RONALD S. HAEBERLE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; LUIS MARTINEZ / AP/ WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; BETTMANN / CORBIS; AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

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PARIS, MON AMOUR

FOR PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT DOISNEAU, FINDING AN OPENLY AFFECTIONATE COUPLE IN THE CITY OF LIGHT WAS AS EASY AS FALLING IN LOVE **BY RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI**

In 1950, photographer Robert Doisneau got an assignment from *Life* to shoot for one of those sentimental stories the weekly magazine was wont to run in those days. Armed with his trusty Rolleiflex, Doisneau, who was already celebrated for his intimate portrayals of life on the City of Light's back streets, strolled over to the seventh *arrondissement* and took a seat at Le Villars, a sidewalk café across the street from René Simon's acting school and just a few minutes' walk from the Rodin Museum, where the world's most famous marble kiss still holds pride of place. Presently he saw what he knew he must see sooner or later: a young couple kissing in public, as they always did in Paris, and, indeed, still do today.

Doisneau approached the couple, Françoise Delbart, 20, and Jacques Carteaud, 23, who were both aspiring actors. "He told us we were charming, and asked if we could [kiss] again

ESTATE OF ROBERT DOISNEAU

In the 1950 story for which Robert Doisneau shot his best-known photograph, *Life* magazine called Paris a place of "unabashed courting."

"This romantic picture is the mirror of our youth," said its anonymous purchaser.

"We were used to kissing," says Françoise Bornet (at Paris city hall days before the auction of the photograph). "We were doing it all the time then—it was delicious."

for the camera," Françoise recalls today. "We didn't mind. We were used to kissing. We were doing it all the time then—it was delicious. And Monsieur Doisneau was adorable, very low key, very relaxed.

"Monsieur Doisneau took us to three different places for the picture," Françoise recalls. "We walked, of course. It was a lark, a wonderful, carefree moment for us. All we had to do was stand about 15 feet from him and kiss. First he took some pictures on the Place de la Concorde, then on the Rue de Rivoli, and finally the Hôtel de Ville."

It was at the Hôtel de Ville that Doisneau got it right: in the foreground, an anonymous customer seated at a sidewalk café; on the sidewalk, an equally anonymous crowd, but a passing gent is wearing a beret—*parfait*! On the street, a couple of Citroën Traction Avant cars, as archetypically French as a movie starring Jean Gabin. In the background looms the pastry cook's bulk of the city hall. And, gloriously center stage, as every actor yearns to be, Delbart and Carteaud.

Called *Le Baiser de l'Hôtel de Ville*, the photograph was published in the June 12, 1950, issue of *Life*. It would become one of the most recognized in the world, endlessly reproduced on postcards and posters all over the planet.

Less than a year after it was taken, Delbart and Carteaud broke up. Delbart appeared in several moderately successful movies (including *Les Grandes Familles*) but never became a star. At age 33, she met and married "the man of my life"—Alain Bornet, a documentary and promotional filmmaker—and gave up acting to help with the business. The couple had no children. Carteaud abandoned acting entirely and became a winegrower in the South of France. He died last year.

Doisneau (in 1989): Intimate portrayals.

Robert Doisneau continued as a freelance photographer, associated with the Parisian photo agency Rapho until his death in 1994, two weeks shy of his 82nd birthday. No picture he ever shot received as much attention—or controversy—as his famous kiss. A reproduction of the photograph on the cover of the French magazine *Telerama* in July 1988 brought forward several women claiming to be the object of Carteaud's affection. Only Françoise Bornet, though, was able to produce the original print that Doisneau had sent her and which bore his stamp on the back. The photographer authenticated both it and her. A second controversy arose when Françoise revealed that what had looked for all the world like a spontaneous snapshot had in fact been set up.

Last April, Bornet put the photograph up for auction at the Artcurial Art Gallery on the Champs-Elysées; she expected to get about $25,000 for it, but to the cheers, laughter and applause of Artcurial's normally restrained habitués, the bidding crested at 155,000 Euros—more than $200,000, depending on the exchange rate. "This romantic picture is the mirror of our youth for my wife and myself," said the anonymous Swiss collector who phoned in the winning bid. Madame Bornet is now planning to use the windfall to set up a film production company with her husband. As for whether this romantic picture was staged, she offers a classically Gallic answer: it was, she says, "the posed picture that wasn't a pose because we were kissing spontaneously."

RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI is based in Paris. His latest book is The Perfectionist *(2005).*

FRANCOIS MORI / AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; MARTINE FRANCK / MAGNUM PHOTOS

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GOING FOR THE GOLD

A POP-MUSIC CONFECTION KNOWN AS THE VILLAGE PEOPLE BELTED OUT DISCO HITS IN THE 1970S THAT MORPHED INTO AMERICAN STANDARDS **BY OWEN EDWARDS**

[*Gold Record "Y.M.C.A.," 1978*]
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

R. A. WHITESIDE / NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN INDIAN, S. I.

A VISITOR TO THE curvilinear stone mesa that is the new National Museum of the American Indian (NMAI) would expect to find classic examples of the art and artifacts of the indigenous peoples of the Western Hemisphere—intricately woven baskets, elegant pottery, kachina dolls, ceremonial masks, elaborately embroidered buckskins and carvings. And he would not be disappointed; the museum contains a trove of the emblematic, artful crafts that have in part defined the complex Native cultures of the Americas.

What you might not expect to find, however, is a gold 45 rpm record from the peak years of that curious musical tributary known as disco. The gold record commemorates the 1978 hit song "Y.M.C.A.," an antic anthem to life on the wild

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side by the Village People. Felipe Rose, son of a member of the Lakota-Sioux tribe, donated it to the museum. Known for his feathered headdress and war paint, Rose represents one of the group's six archetypal characters (archetypes, that is, according to France's Jacques Morali, a music producer who, along with his colleague Henri Belolo, created the novelty act). According to Emil Her Many Horses, an associate curator at the museum, Rose offered the record to mark his 51st birthday. Rose remembers just calling up the museum to ask about making a donation. "I didn't know how they would react," he adds. The curatorial council reacted by accepting immediately.

"We want people to see all aspects of Native American life," Her Many Horses says, "and Felipe's gold record helps tell the story of current Native involvement in popular music, not just traditional music."

In the interest of being at least somewhat unpredictable, I am not going to indulge the standard belittling of disco. I will not, for instance, claim that disco was the worst thing to happen to music since Mrs. Welk gave little Lawrence an accordion. Nor will I unforgivably pun that disco diva Donna marked the Summer of our discontent. Nor will I suggest that a Brooklyn-born brave in a singing group might seem to have little in common with Sacagawea, Geronimo and Sitting Bull.

Instead, I'll give you this brief history of the Village People: when Morali saw Rose at a dance club in New York City's Greenwich Village dressed in the ceremonial regalia of the Plains Indians (more or less, if rather less than more), he hatched the idea of finding five other buff, young male performers, dressing them up in macho mufti and calling them the Village People. At least, Rose came by his plains warrior costume semi-legitimately as the son of a Lakota father who had come to New York City in the early 1950s. (His mother was a dancer at the Copacabana nightclub.) The other five—Alex Briley (soldier/sailor), David Hodo (construction worker), Randy Jones (cowboy), Glenn Hughes (biker/leather boy) and Victor Willis (policeman)—were basically spoofing. But what might have been an inside joke with little appeal beyond Lower Manhattan crossed over into the mainstream, propelled by an enthusiasm even hard-core rock 'n' roll fans found hard to resist.

The Village People surfed the wave of disco's campy sensibility to the top of the charts in 1979, peaking at number 2 in February. By 1987, they had sold an astounding 65 million records. (Since then, they've added another 3 million.) The group's two biggest hits, "Macho Man" and "Y.M.C.A.," remain among disco's most memorable anthems. And the mildly bawdy—now seeming rather innocent in an age of gangsta rap—beat goes on. In 1980,

Cialis is not for everyone. If you take nitrates, often used for chest pain (also known as angina), or alpha-blockers (other than Flomax 0.4 mg once daily), prescribed for prostate problems or high blood pressure, do not take Cialis. Such combinations could cause a sudden, unsafe drop in blood pressure. Don't drink alcohol in excess (to a level of intoxication) with Cialis. This combination may increase your chances of getting dizzy or lowering your blood pressure. Cialis does not protect a man or his partner from sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV.

The most common side effects with Cialis were headache and upset stomach. Backache and muscle ache were

the Village People made a movie, *Can't Stop the Music* (a title that unwittingly echoed the worst fears of the disco disenchanted). The picture was no *Hard Day's Night* and flopped everywhere except—for unfathomable reasons—Australia. The group has even appeared as the halftime entertainment for the Australian Rugby Grand Final, the Aussie equivalent of the Super Bowl.

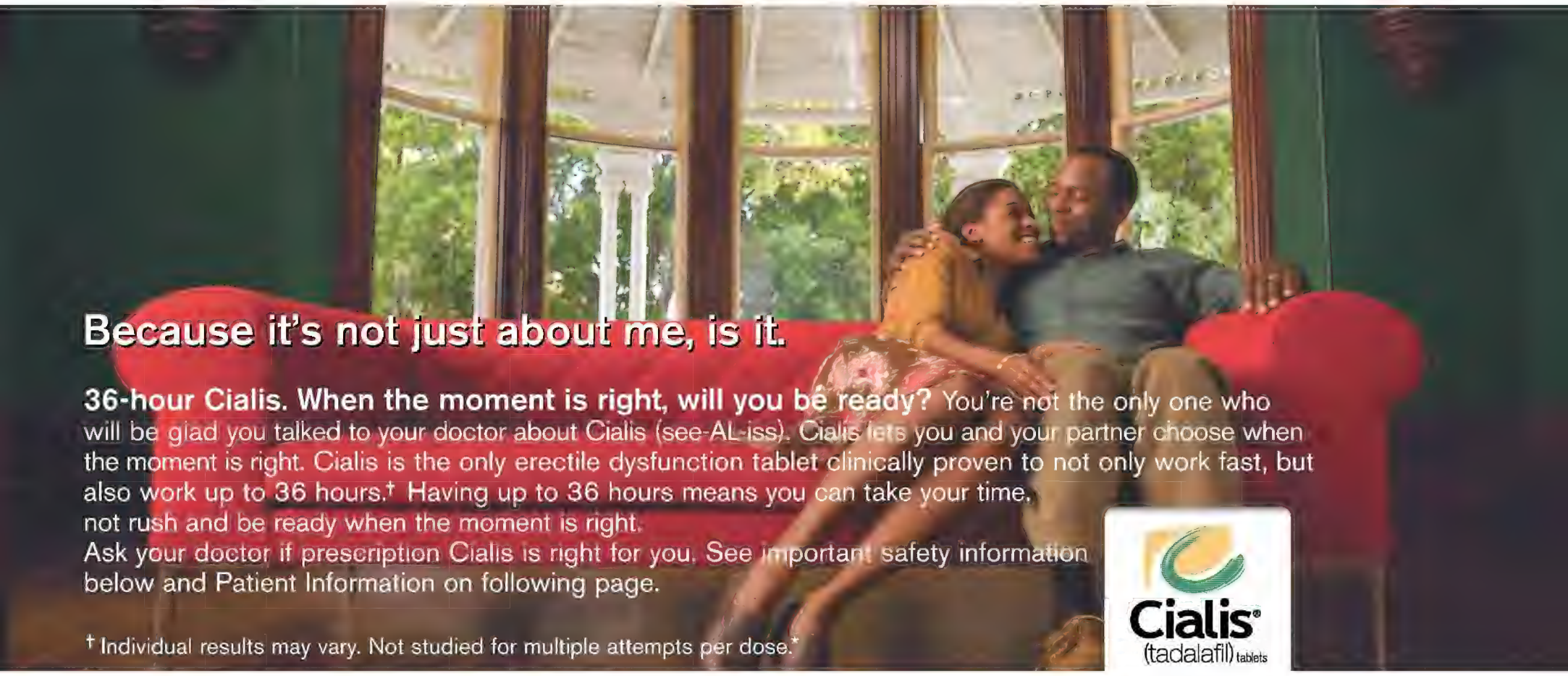
At the presentation of the gold record to the NMAI in January, officials ramped up the sound system and right on cue, "Y.M.C.A." blared around the great hall. Visiting schoolchildren, most of whom wouldn't know disco from Nabisco, began to squeal and jump around. "Rose was wonderful," the curator says. "Everyone was dancing, and he was right out there with them."

OWEN EDWARDS is executive editor of Edutopia, *a magazine for the George Lucas Educational Foundation in California.*

The Village People surfed the disco wave to the top of the pop charts in early 1979.

MICHAEL WILLIAMSON / WASHINGTON POST

Felipe Rose (at an NMAI ceremony in January) says that his Native-American aunt had once advised him to "honor your father's heritage and dress in tribal regalia."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also reported, sometimes with delayed onset. Most men weren't bothered by the side effects enough to stop taking Cialis. Although a rare occurrence, men who experience an erection for more than 4 hours (priapism) should seek immediate medical attention. Discuss your medical conditions and medications with your doctor to ensure Cialis is right for you and that you are healthy enough for sexual activity.

**In clinical trials, Cialis was shown to improve, up to 36 hours after dosing, the ability of men with ED to have a single successful intercourse attempt.*

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Patient Information

Read the Patient Information about CIALIS before you start taking it and again each time you get a refill. There may be new information. You may also find it helpful to share this information with your partner. This leaflet does not take the place of talking with your doctor. You and your doctor should talk about CIALIS when you start taking it and at regular checkups. If you do not understand the information, or have questions, talk with your doctor or pharmacist.

What important information should you know about CIALIS?

CIALIS can cause your blood pressure to drop suddenly to an unsafe level if it is taken with certain other medicines. You could get dizzy, faint, or have a heart attack or stroke.

Do not take CIALIS if you:

- **take any medicines called "nitrates."**
- **use recreational drugs called "poppers" like amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate.**
- **take medicines called alpha blockers, other than Flomax® (tamsulosin HCl) 0.4 mg daily.**

(See "Who should not take CIALIS?")

Tell all your healthcare providers that you take CIALIS. If you need emergency medical care for a heart problem, it will be important for your healthcare provider to know when you last took CIALIS.

After taking a single tablet, some of the active ingredient of CIALIS remains in your body for more than 2 days. The active ingredient can remain longer if you have problems with your kidneys or liver, or you are taking certain other medications (see "Can other medications affect CIALIS?").

What is CIALIS?

CIALIS is a prescription medicine taken by mouth for the treatment of erectile dysfunction (ED) in men.

ED is a condition where the penis does not harden and expand when a man is sexually excited, or when he cannot keep an erection. A man who has trouble getting or keeping an erection should see his doctor for help if the condition bothers him. CIALIS may help a man with ED get and keep an erection when he is sexually excited.

CIALIS does not:

- cure ED
- increase a man's sexual desire
- protect a man or his partner from sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV. Speak to your doctor about ways to guard against sexually transmitted diseases.
- serve as a male form of birth control

CIALIS is only for men with ED. CIALIS is not for women or children. CIALIS must be used only under a doctor's care.

How does CIALIS work?

When a man is sexually stimulated, his body's normal physical response is to increase blood flow to his penis. This results in an erection. CIALIS helps increase blood flow to the penis and may help men with ED get and keep an erection satisfactory for sexual activity. Once a man has completed sexual activity, blood flow to his penis decreases, and his erection goes away.

Who can take CIALIS?

Talk to your doctor to decide if CIALIS is right for you.

CIALIS has been shown to be effective in men over the age of 18 years who have erectile dysfunction, including men with diabetes or who have undergone prostatectomy.

Who should not take CIALIS?

Do **not** take CIALIS if you:

- **take any medicines called "nitrates"** (See "What important information should you know about CIALIS?"). Nitrates are commonly used to treat angina. Angina is a symptom of heart disease and can cause pain in your chest, jaw, or down your arm.

  Medicines called nitrates include nitroglycerin that is found in tablets, sprays, ointments, pastes, or patches. Nitrates can also be found in other medicines such as isosorbide dinitrate or isosorbide mononitrate. Some recreational drugs called "poppers" also contain nitrates, such as amyl nitrate and butyl nitrate. Do not use CIALIS if you are using these drugs. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you are not sure if any of your medicines are nitrates.
- **take medicines called "alpha blockers", other than Flomax® 0.4 mg daily.** Alpha blockers are sometimes prescribed for prostate problems or high blood pressure. If CIALIS is taken with alpha blockers other than Flomax® 0.4 mg daily, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy and faint.
- **you have been told by your healthcare provider to not have sexual activity because of health problems.** Sexual activity can put an extra strain on your heart, especially if your heart is already weak from a heart attack or heart disease.
- **are allergic to CIALIS or any of its ingredients.** The active ingredient in CIALIS is called tadalafil. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients.

What should you discuss with your doctor before taking CIALIS?

Before taking CIALIS, tell your doctor about all your medical problems, including if you:

- **have heart problems** such as angina, heart failure, irregular heartbeats, or have had a heart attack. Ask your doctor if it is safe for you to have sexual activity.
- **have low blood pressure or** have high blood pressure that is not controlled
- **have had a stroke**
- **have liver problems**
- **have kidney problems or require dialysis**
- **have retinitis pigmentosa,** a rare genetic (runs in families) eye disease
- **have stomach ulcers**
- **have a bleeding problem**
- **have a deformed penis shape** or Peyronie's disease
- **have had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours**
- **have blood cell problems** such as sickle cell anemia, multiple myeloma, or leukemia

Can other medications affect CIALIS?

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. CIALIS and other medicines may affect each other. Always check with your doctor before starting or stopping any medicines. Especially tell your doctor if you take any of the following:

- medicines called nitrates (See "What important information should you know about CIALIS?")
- medicines called alpha blockers. These include Hytrin® (terazosin HCl), Flomax® (tamsulosin HCl), Cardura® (doxazosin mesylate), Minipress® (prazosin HCl) or Uroxatral® (alfuzosin HCl).
- ritonavir (Norvir®) or indinavir (Crixivan®)
- ketoconazole or itraconazole (such as Nizoral® or Sporanox®)
- erythromycin
- other medicines or treatments for ED

How should you take CIALIS?

Take CIALIS exactly as your doctor prescribes. CIALIS comes in different doses (5 mg, 10 mg, and 20 mg). For most men, the recommended starting dose is 10 mg. **CIALIS should be taken no more than once a day.** Some men can only take a low dose of CIALIS because of medical conditions or medicines they take. Your doctor will prescribe the dose that is right for you.

- If you have kidney problems, your doctor may start you on a lower dose of CIALIS.
- If you have kidney or liver problems or you are taking certain medications, your doctor may limit your highest dose of CIALIS to 10 mg and may also limit you to one tablet in 48 hours (2 days) or one tablet in 72 hours (3 days).

Take one CIALIS tablet before sexual activity. In some patients, the ability to have sexual activity was improved at 30 minutes after taking CIALIS when compared to a sugar pill. The ability to have sexual activity was improved up to 36 hours after taking CIALIS when compared to a sugar pill. You and your doctor should consider this in deciding when you should take CIALIS prior to sexual activity. Some form of sexual stimulation is needed for an erection to happen with CIALIS. CIALIS may be taken with or without meals.

Do not change your dose of CIALIS without talking to your doctor. Your doctor may lower your dose or raise your dose, depending on how your body reacts to CIALIS.

Do not drink alcohol to excess when taking CIALIS (for example, 5 glasses of wine or 5 shots of whiskey). When taken in excess, alcohol can increase your chances of getting a headache or getting dizzy, increasing your heart rate, or lowering your blood pressure.

If you take too much CIALIS, call your doctor or emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of CIALIS?

The most common side effects with CIALIS are headache, indigestion, back pain, muscle aches, flushing, and stuffy or runny nose. These side effects usually go away after a few hours. Patients who get back pain and muscle aches usually get it 12 to 24 hours after taking CIALIS. Back pain and muscle aches usually go away by themselves within 48 hours. Call your doctor if you get a side effect that bothers you or one that will not go away.

CIALIS may uncommonly cause:

- **an erection that won't go away (priapism).** If you get an erection that lasts more than 4 hours, get medical help right away. Priapism must be treated as soon as possible or lasting damage can happen to your penis including the inability to have erections.
- vision changes, such as seeing a blue tinge to objects or having difficulty telling the difference between the colors blue and green.

These are not all the side effects of CIALIS. For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

How should CIALIS be stored?

- Store CIALIS at room temperature between 59° and 86°F (15° and 30°C).
- **Keep CIALIS and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

General Information about CIALIS:

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions other than those described in patient information leaflets. Do not use CIALIS for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give CIALIS to other people, even if they have the same symptoms that you have. It may harm them.

This leaflet summarizes the most important information about CIALIS. If you would like more information, talk with your healthcare provider. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about CIALIS that is written for health professionals.

For more information you can also visit www.cialis.com, or call 1-877-242-5471.

What are the ingredients of CIALIS?

Active Ingredient: tadalafil

Inactive Ingredients: croscarmellose sodium, hydroxypropyl cellulose, hypromellose, iron oxide, lactose monohydrate, magnesium stearate, microcrystalline cellulose, sodium lauryl sulfate, talc, titanium dioxide, and triacetin.

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Life imitates Frederic Remington (models Josh and Rob Culbertson) at the annual invitation-only event known as the Artist Ride.

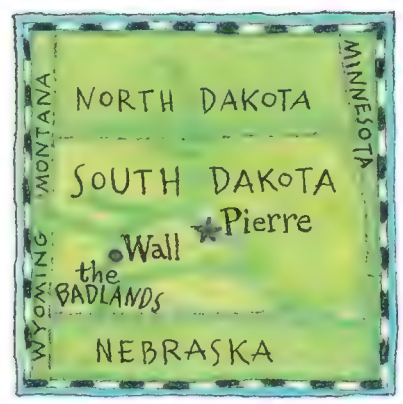
SCOTT S. WARREN; MAP: ELIZABETH WOLF

COWBOYS AND ARTISTS

EACH SUMMER MODELS DECKED OUT IN PERIOD DRESS GIVE ARTISTS A PICTURE OF LIFE IN THE WILD WEST **BY DEVON JACKSON**

THE SUN HAS YET TO RISE on Grant Shearer's 20,000-acre ranch near Wall, South Dakota, but already some 50 guests have gathered along the banks of the Cheyenne River. Loaded down with cameras and film, they wait for dawn—and for 60 or more cowboys and Indians to emerge from nearby tents, tepees, RVs and pickup trucks.

Suddenly, the sun breaks through, and a shout goes up: "The horses are coming! Get your cameras ready!" The photographers scurry toward the river's edge, as Shearer and four ranch hands drive 12 of his finest steeds through the camp, across the Cheyenne and back. "Run them again!" a woman shouts.



The characters decked out in Native American and Wild West regalia are models, and most of the photographers are oil painters, sculptors and watercolorists who specialize in scenes of the Old West. They're all here for the annual Artist Ride, a three-day-long, invitation-only event that re-creates Wild West tableaux for artists.

It's life imitating Frederic Remington, Albert Bierstadt and Charles M. Russell. It's also the largest event of its kind, attracting some of the genre's leading figures to a convivial affair that's as much reunion as tax deduction. On a sprawling campground, two white men pose as Lewis and Clark; a Lakota boy wields a bow and arrow; a Lakota woman cradles her two children. In the distance, Indians pursue a stagecoach; a trio of

mountain men pause in a canoe in the middle of the river; a Korean-American portrays an 1860s "Chinaman" panning for gold at the river's edge. "There's just so much going on," says Rick Meoli, a St. Louis fine art photographer. "Why wouldn't you want to shoot it?"

And turn it into art. Karen Bonnie, of Del Norte, Colorado, credits 90 percent of her 2003 sales to the Ride. "If you know what you're doing," says fellow Colorado painter Craig Tennant, "you can come out of here with 30 paintings."

Rick Assunto, executive director of the Museum of Western Art in Kerrville, Texas, says that annual sales of western art total at least $50 million. (Last July, 281 western paintings and sculptures netted more than $18 million in a single day at the Coeur d'Alene Art Auction in Reno, Nevada.) "It's not just galleries offering western art now," says Richard Alterman of Santa Fe, New Mexico's Alterman Galleries, "the museums have jumped into the game."

THE ARTIST RIDE BEGAN in 1982 when Dale Lewis, then editor of *Dakota West* magazine in Fort Pierre, asked Grant Shearer's dad, Levon, to take some of his 40-plus historic wagons out into the Badlands so Lewis could photograph them. Artist Dan Deuter came along to take photographs as grist for future paintings. On a second ride a year later, Deuter and other invited artists spent most of their time stopping and setting up. He suggested they'd save time if they had a camp where they could create as many different scenes as they liked. *Voilà.* Deuter ran the ride until 1996, when he handed the reins over to its current director, Jim Hatzell.

Today artists pays $350 to attend, and models strut their stuff for artists' tips. (Hatzell, who says models can earn more than $800 during the three-day weekend, maintains a "Do Not Invite" list for chintzy tippers.) Artists pledge not to sell or even give away photographs, and Hatzell enforces other restrictions. "A bunch of oil painters wanted to come to this year's ride, and I had to tell them no," he says. "You can't have it be all in one medium, because then you'd have all these paintings using the same scenes and the same models, hitting the galleries at the same time too. You have to mix it up."

"A bunch of oil painters wanted to come this year, and I had to tell them no."

"The more colors you have," says one artist, "the more choices you have" (artist Paul Jones shows Don Valle a painting based on photographs he took of Valle in 2003).

So do the models. John Sides, who portrays cowboys from the 1870s to today, says a good model can portray 15 different characters. Indeed, a peek inside his trailer reveals a plethora of canteens, cavalry dusters, leather jackets, kerchiefs and hats of all shapes and sizes: "It's like turning a page in a book, and you're back in time."

Most of the artists rely on the models' own knowledge of historic detail—from the way they sit their McLellan saddles to the type of beads used on a war shirt to the gear favored by Buffalo Bill. "If a model puts a Sioux war shirt on top of Crow leggings," says Deuter, "that's how the artists will paint it." For that reason, Hatzell says, most models are Indians, park rangers, reenactors or ranchers who make it their business to know what they're doing.

But the Ride isn't for everyone. Fred Fellows, director of Cowboy Artists of America (which sponsors a trail ride for members), was frustrated by his experience on an earlier Ride. "For all the film and work, it wasn't worth my time," he says. "An artist who lives by the camera dies by the camera. The color in film might be totally different from an image painted in real life."

Deuter counters that most artists use material from a variety of sources—photographs, artworks and nature. David Yorke, a former Disney animator turned painter, agrees. "It's like a painter's palette: the more colors you have, the more choices you have," he says. "You can't get too much material."

For the Indian models in particular, the event helps preserve a heritage. "The way I look at it, my ancestors still exist, and the impact they made, their legacy, is still here," says Moses Brings Plenty, an actor who has appeared in such films as *Pirates of the Caribbean*. "And through their artwork these artists are carrying on what we do, what we teach them, to others."

"The West is dying," says Shearer. "If not dying, dwindling. It'd be a shame to see all this just go by the wayside."

DEVON JACKSON is a freelance writer who lives in Sante Fe, New Mexico.

SCOTT S. WARREN

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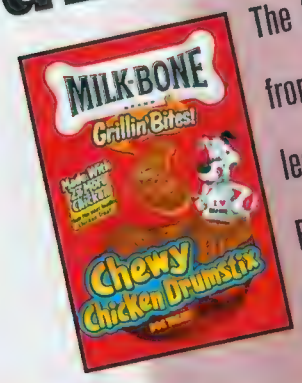

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JUST LOOKING

PLAY BALL! Perhaps drawn by the crack of a bat as they headed for home before the game's end, Mary McKay Roth, 5, left, and her brothers Will, 8, and Ben, 7, wanted one last peek at the minor league play between the home team Daytona Cubs and the Ft. Myers Miracle at Jackie Robinson Ballpark in Daytona Beach, Florida. (The Cubs lost, 9-2.) The stadium, says Cubs general manager Bill Papierniak, is "unique because of its historical significance." It was here that Jackie Robinson first broke minor league baseball's color barrier during spring training in 1946. Photographer Craig Litten covers sports for the *Daytona Beach News-Journal*. —*HELEN STARKWEATHER*

BOARD ROOMS

NEAR PORTLAND, OREGON, ARCHAEOLOGISTS AND INDIANS HAVE BUILT AN AUTHENTIC CHINOOKAN PLANKHOUSE LIKE THOSE LEWIS AND CLARK SAW **BY EMILY SOHN**

IT'S STILL EARLY SUNDAY MORNING, but the air is filled with the whine of chain saws. At the Ridgefield National Wildlife Refuge, in southwestern Washington State, men wearing jeans, T-shirts and flannel work shirts are cutting cedar logs into planks, hand-carving figures into others, and using cranes to move the giant logs around. The volunteers are building a traditional Chinookan plankhouse about two miles from a village that Lewis and Clark visited on their epic journey 200 years ago. The seven-acre village, called Cathlapotle by early fur traders, is gone now, but thanks to its protected location, it is one of the most well-preserved American Indian village sites in the Northwest. But when Lewis and Clark first saw it, in November 1805, it was one of the largest of about 50 Chinookan villages that stood along a 160-mile stretch of the Columbia River, from the gorge to the river's mouth. "I counted 14 houses," Clark wrote in his notoriously casually spelled diary. "Seven canoes of Indians came out from this large village to view and trade with us, they appeared orderly and well disposed, they accompanied us a fiew miles and returned back."

Lewis and Clark estimated that as many as 900 people lived in Cathlapotle and 19,000 more in the surrounding Columbia River Valley. The two men weren't the first non-Natives to visit the area: Spanish explorers and then British and American fur traders sailed up the coast in the late 1700s, bringing epidemics of smallpox that took a toll on the Native population. But the Lewis and Clark expedition was the first to reach the village from the East, and it opened up a flood of migration that brought yet more disease (including a major malaria epidemic in the late 1820s and early 1830s).

Lewis and Clark returned to the village in March 1806, spending an afternoon there. From their visits, they recorded detailed descriptions of the people and terrain, and maps of the river valley. In 1991, archaeologists in search of the site followed the maps to this refuge, about 25 miles from Portland, Oregon. When the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Portland State University researchers started digging on the river's cottonwood-covered banks, they hit an archaeological jackpot.

"The site was so rich that we would not have had the resources to store all the material," says the project's lead archaeologist, Kenneth Ames, of Portland State University. "We would have just drowned in stuff." Though digging stopped in 1996, scientists and students at Portland State are still counting, sorting and trying to make sense of the hundreds of thousands of artifacts they found, including iron daggers, copper pendants and beads, stone tools, acorns and animal bones.

Most exciting, the researchers say, is what the excavation has revealed about plankhouses, which formed the center of social, spiritual and economic life for the Chinookan Indians. Subtle bumps in a cottonwood grove near the river still outline at least six of the houses. To understand what the houses looked like, scientists dug a series of trenches that

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NEXIUM® (esomeprazole magnesium)

20-mg, 40-mg Delayed-Release Capsules

BRIEF SUMMARY Before prescribing NEXIUM, please see full Prescribing Information. **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** NEXIUM is indicated for the short-term treatment (4 to 8 weeks) in the healing and symptomatic resolution of diagnostically confirmed erosive esophagitis; the maintenance of symptom resolution and healing of erosive esophagitis (controlled studies do not extend beyond 6 months); and for the treatment of heartburn and other symptoms associated with GERD; and for risk reduction of NSAID-associated gastric ulcer. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** NEXIUM is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any component of the formulation or to substituted benzimidazoles. **PRECAUTIONS** Symptomatic response to therapy with NEXIUM does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. Atrophic gastritis has been noted occasionally in gastric corpus biopsies from patients treated long-term with omeprazole, of which NEXIUM is an enantiomer. **Information for Patients** NEXIUM Delayed-Release Capsules should be swallowed whole and taken at least one hour before meals. For patients who have difficulty swallowing capsules, one tablespoon of applesauce can be added to an empty bowl and the NEXIUM Delayed-Release Capsule can be opened, and the pellets carefully emptied onto the applesauce. The pellets should be mixed with the applesauce and then swallowed immediately. The applesauce used should not be hot and should be soft enough to be swallowed without chewing. The pellets should not be chewed or crushed. The pellet/applesauce mixture should not be stored for future use. Antacids may be used while taking NEXIUM. **Drug Interactions** Esomeprazole is extensively metabolized in the liver by CYP2C19 and CYP3A4. *In vitro* and *in vivo* studies have shown that esomeprazole is not likely to inhibit CYPs 1A2, 2A6, 2C9, 2D6, 2E1 and 3A4. No clinically relevant interactions with drugs metabolized by these CYP enzymes would be expected. Drug interaction studies have shown that esomeprazole does not have any clinically significant interactions with phenytoin, warfarin, quinidine, clarithromycin or amoxicillin. Post-marketing reports of changes in prothrombin measures have been received among patients on concomitant warfarin and esomeprazole therapy. Increases in INR and prothrombin time may lead to abnormal bleeding and even death. Patients treated with proton pump inhibitors and warfarin concomitantly may need to be monitored for increases in INR and prothrombin time. Esomeprazole may potentially interfere with CYP2C19, the major esomeprazole metabolizing enzyme. Coadministration of esomeprazole 30 mg and diazepam, a CYP2C19 substrate, resulted in a 45% decrease in clearance of diazepam. Increased plasma levels of diazepam were observed 12 hours after dosing and onwards. However, at that time, the plasma levels of diazepam were below the therapeutic interval, and thus this interaction is unlikely to be of clinical relevance. Coadministration of oral contraceptives, diazepam, phenytoin, or quinidine did not seem to change the pharmacokinetic profile of esomeprazole. Studies evaluating concomitant administration of esomeprazole and either naproxen (non-selective NSAID) or rofecoxib (COX-2 selective NSAID) did not identify any clinically relevant changes in the pharmacokinetic profiles of esomeprazole or these NSAIDs. Esomeprazole inhibits gastric acid secretion. Therefore, esomeprazole may interfere with the absorption of drugs where gastric pH is an important determinant of bioavailability (eg, ketoconazole, iron salts and digoxin). **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** The carcinogenic potential of esomeprazole was assessed using omeprazole studies. In two 24-month oral carcinogenicity studies in rats, omeprazole at daily doses of 1.7, 3.4, 13.8, 44.0 and 140.8 mg/kg/day (about 0.7 to 57 times the human dose of 20 mg/day expressed on a body surface area basis) produced gastric ECL cell carcinoids in a dose-related manner in both male and female rats; the incidence of this effect was markedly higher in female rats, which had higher blood levels of omeprazole. Gastric carcinoids seldom occur in the untreated rat. In addition, ECL cell hyperplasia was present in all treated groups of both sexes. In one of these studies, female rats were treated with 13.8 mg omeprazole/kg/day (about 5.6 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) for 1 year, then followed for an additional year without the drug. No carcinoids were seen in these rats. An increased incidence of treatment-related ECL cell hyperplasia was observed at the end of 1 year (94% treated vs 10% controls). By the second year the difference between treated and control rats was much smaller (46% vs 26%) but still showed more hyperplasia in the treated group. Gastric adenocarcinoma was seen in one rat (2%). No similar tumor was seen in male or female rats treated for 2 years. For this strain of rat no similar tumor has been noted historically, but a finding involving only one tumor is difficult to interpret. A 78-week mouse carcinogenicity study of omeprazole did not show increased tumor occurrence, but the study was not conclusive. Esomeprazole was negative in the Ames mutation test, in the *in vivo* rat bone marrow cell chromosome aberration test, and the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test. Esomeprazole, however, was positive in the *in vitro* human lymphocyte chromosome aberration test. Omeprazole was positive in the *in vitro* human lymphocyte chromosome aberration test, the *in vivo* mouse bone marrow cell chromosome aberration test, and the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test. The potential effects of esomeprazole on fertility and reproductive performance were assessed using omeprazole studies. Omeprazole at oral doses up to 138 mg/kg/day in rats (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) was found to have no effect on reproductive performance of parental animals. **Pregnancy** *Teratogenic Effects. Pregnancy Category B* Teratology studies have been performed in rats at oral doses up to 280 mg/kg/day (about 57 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) and in rabbits at oral doses up to 86 mg/kg/day (about 35 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) and have revealed no evidence of impaired fertility or harm to the fetus due to esomeprazole. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, this drug should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed. Teratology studies conducted with omeprazole in rats at oral doses up to 138 mg/kg/day (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) and in rabbits at doses up to 69 mg/kg/day (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) did not disclose any evidence for a teratogenic potential of omeprazole. In rabbits, omeprazole in a dose range of 6.9 to 69.1 mg/kg/day (about 5.5 to 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) produced dose-related increases in embryo-lethality, fetal resorptions, and pregnancy disruptions. In rats, dose-related embryo/fetal toxicity and postnatal developmental toxicity were observed in offspring resulting from parents treated with omeprazole at 13.8 to 138.0 mg/kg/day (about 5.6 to 56 times the human doses on a body surface area basis). There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Sporadic reports have been received of congenital abnormalities occurring in infants born to women who have received omeprazole during pregnancy. **Nursing Mothers** The excretion of esomeprazole in milk has not been studied. However, omeprazole concentrations have been measured in breast milk of a woman following oral administration of 20 mg. Because esomeprazole is likely to be excreted in human milk, because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants from esomeprazole, and because of the potential for tumorigenicity shown for omeprazole in rat carcinogenicity studies, a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. **Pediatric Use** Safety and effectiveness in pediatric patients have not been established. **Geriatric Use** Of the total number of patients who received NEXIUM in clinical trials, 1459 were 65 to 74 years of age and 354 patients were 75 years of age. **ADVERSE REACTIONS** The safety of NEXIUM was evaluated in over 15,000 patients (aged 18-84 years) in clinical trials worldwide including over 8,500 patients in the United States and over 6,500 patients in Europe and Canada. Over 2,900 patients were treated in long-term studies for up to 6-12 months. In general, NEXIUM was well tolerated in both short- and long-term clinical trials. The safety in the treatment of healing of erosive esophagitis was assessed in four randomized comparative clinical trials, which included 1,240 patients on NEXIUM 20 mg, 2,434 patients on NEXIUM 40 mg, and 3,008 patients on omeprazole 20 mg daily. The most frequently occurring adverse events (1%) in all three groups was headache (5.5, 5.0, and 3.8, respectively) and diarrhea (no difference among the three groups). Nausea, flatulence, abdominal pain, constipation, and dry mouth occurred at similar rates among patients taking NEXIUM or omeprazole. Additional adverse events that were reported as possibly or probably related to NEXIUM with an incidence < 1% are listed below by body system: ***Body as a Whole:*** abdomen enlarged, allergic reaction, asthenia, back pain, chest pain, chest pain substernal, facial edema, peripheral edema, hot flushes, fatigue, fever, flu-like disorder, generalized edema, leg edema, malaise, pain, rigors; ***Cardiovascular:*** flushing, hypertension, tachycardia; ***Endocrine:*** goiter; ***Gastrointestinal:*** bowel irregularity, constipation aggravated, dyspepsia, dysphagia, dysplasia GI, epigastric pain, eructation, esophageal disorder, frequent stools, gastroenteritis, GI hemorrhage, GI symptoms not otherwise specified, hiccup, melena, mouth disorder, pharynx disorder, rectal disorder, serum gastrin increased, tongue disorder, tongue edema, ulcerative stomatitis, vomiting; ***Hearing:*** earache, tinnitus; ***Hematologic:*** anemia, anemia hypochromic, cervical lymphoadenopathy, epistaxis, leukocytosis, leukopenia, thrombocytopenia; ***Hepatic:*** bilirubinemia, hepatic function abnormal, SGOT increased, SGPT increased; ***Metabolic/Nutritional:*** glycosuria, hyperuricemia, hyponatremia, increased alkaline phosphatase, thirst, vitamin B12 deficiency, weight increase, weight decrease; ***Musculoskeletal:*** arthralgia, arthritis aggravated, arthropathy, cramps, fibromyalgia syndrome, hernia, polymyalgia rheumatica; ***Nervous System/Psychiatric:*** anorexia, apathy, appetite increased, confusion, depression aggravated, dizziness, hypertonia, nervousness, hypoesthesia, impotence, insomnia, migraine, migraine aggravated, paresthesia, sleep disorder, somnolence, tremor, vertigo, visual field defect; ***Reproductive:*** dysmenorrhea, menstrual disorder, vaginitis; ***Respiratory:*** asthma aggravated, coughing, dyspnea, larynx edema, pharyngitis, rhinitis, sinusitis; ***Skin and Appendages:*** acne, angioedema, dermatitis, pruritus, pruritus ani, rash, rash erythematous, rash maculopapular, skin inflammation, sweating increased, urticaria; ***Special Senses:*** otitis media, parosmia, taste loss, taste perversion; ***Urogenital:*** abnormal urine, albuminuria, cystitis, dysuria, fungal infection, hematuria, micturition frequency, moniliasis, genital moniliasis, polyuria; ***Visual:*** conjunctivitis, vision abnormal. Endoscopic findings that were reported as adverse events include: duodenitis, esophagitis, esophageal stricture, esophageal ulceration, esophageal varices, gastric ulcer, gastritis, hernia, benign polyps or nodules, Barrett's esophagus, and mucosal discoloration. Two placebo-controlled studies were conducted in 710 patients for the treatment of symptomatic gastroesophageal reflux disease. The most common adverse events that were reported as possibly or probably related to NEXIUM were diarrhea (4.3%), headache (3.8%), and abdominal pain (3.8%). Postmarketing Reports – There have been spontaneous reports of adverse events with postmarketing use of esomeprazole. These reports have included rare cases of anaphylactic reaction and myalgia, severe dermatologic reactions, including toxic epidermal necrolysis (TEN, some fatal), Stevens-Johnson syndrome, and erythema multiforme, and pancreatitis. Very rarely, hepatitis with or without jaundice has been reported. Other adverse events not observed with NEXIUM, but occurring with omeprazole can be found in the omeprazole package insert, **ADVERSE REACTIONS** section. **OVERDOSAGE** A single oral dose of esomeprazole at 510 mg/kg (about 103 times the human dose on a body surface area basis), was lethal to rats. The major signs of acute toxicity were reduced motor activity, changes in respiratory frequency, tremor, ataxia, and intermittent clonic convulsions. There have been some reports of overdosage with esomeprazole. Reports have been received of overdosage with omeprazole in humans. Doses ranged up to 2,400 mg (120 times the usual recommended clinical dose). Manifestations were variable, but included confusion, drowsiness, blurred vision, tachycardia, nausea, diaphoresis, flushing, headache, dry mouth, and other adverse reactions similar to those seen in normal clinical experience (see omeprazole package insert-**ADVERSE REACTIONS**). No specific antidote for esomeprazole is known. Since esomeprazole is extensively protein bound, it is not expected to be removed by dialysis. In the event of overdosage, treatment should be symptomatic and supportive. As with the management of any overdose, the possibility of multiple drug ingestion should be considered. For current information on treatment of any drug overdose, a certified Regional Poison Control Center should be contacted. Telephone numbers are listed in the Physicians' Desk Reference (PDR) or local telephone book. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** Please see full Prescribing Information for recommended adult dosages and dosage adjustments for **Special Populations** for NEXIUM.

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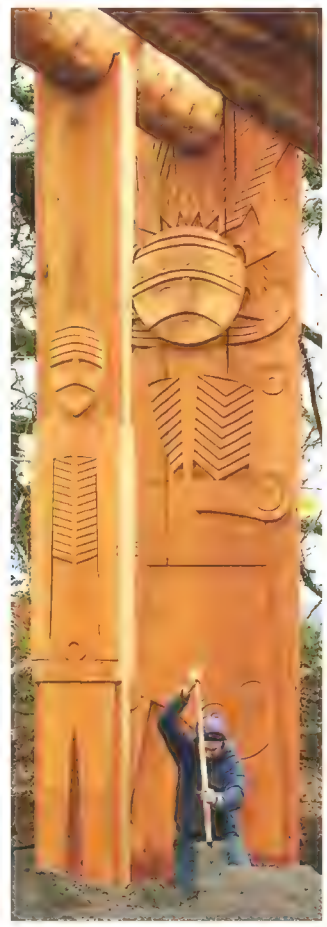
sliced through the remains of two houses; although the walls and posts had disappeared long ago, the dark stains left in the ground by their rotting showed where they once stood. Some buildings were as big as 200 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 22 feet tall; according to Lewis and Clark's notes, 100 people or more lived in a single house.

The presence of multiple hearths in the building was revealed by sheets of ash containing fire-hardened clay bowls. The wealth of seeds and elk and fish bones shows that food was abundant. "We have as many smelt bones as stars in the sky," Ames says. Storage cellars—indicated by dense caches of objects in the dirt below some of the buildings—held the village's surplus.

Traditional but not old-fashioned: Workers used chain saws as well as bone and antler tools to construct this 80-foot-long house, which has carved center posts (below).

When, nearly 15 years ago, archaeologists first had the idea to construct a Chinookan cedar plankhouse based on the excavation data, they envisioned a building as historically accurate as possible, down to the construction methods. But whereas putting up a plankhouse once involved the sweat and muscle of 500-plus people using bone, antler, stone, shell and iron implements, this time around more than 100 men and women supplemented traditional tools with chain saws, cranes and pickup trucks to get the job done. Nearby national forests and landowners donated cedar logs, but to get planks that were big enough for the walls and roof, the organizers had to buy and ship cedar logs from Canada. (Project members say they hope to plant trees locally to replace what they used.)



Like most construction projects, this one had unexpected turns. The project was stalled for a couple of months last year by claims from the neighboring Cowlitz tribe that Cathlapotle belonged to it. The work resumed after Fish and Wildlife Service officials determined through review of historical and archaeological records that the village was indeed Chinookan. And there were other departures from the traditional: ramps, emergency exit lighting and swinging doors, to comply with the Americans with Disabilities Act and building codes; and a mechanized ventilation system (in addition to the traditional movable planks in the roof), to clear the building of smoke. "I didn't think the plankhouse would have the spiritual feel we originally hoped it would," says tribal council member Sam Robinson, "but when we opened it up and blessed it, there was great pride in it."

Today, the Chinook are a band of about 2,500 people that have spent decades fighting for federal recognition as a tribe, to no avail. To them, the structure is a monument to their history that connects modern Chinook with their past. They're planning to gather there for drumming, storytelling and demonstrations of traditional crafts like basket-making and carving. "I think it's going to bring more awareness that we're still out there," Robinson says. It opened to the public this past March.

Some of the volunteers drove two hours each day to get to the site. "It's dumbfounding to me, all the people busting their chops out here," says tribal member Tony Johnson, 34, who teaches children the Chinook language, Chinuk-wawa, and spent many weekends carving the central house posts for the project. Adam McIsaac, a non-Native, makes his living carving Northwest Indian-style art. "This project is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," says McIsaac, 32. "It's great to give something back to the culture and to carry on the traditions that once proliferated right here where we're standing." In the midst of three years of national celebration of Lewis and Clark's journey, the plankhouse is yet another reminder of the rich, established culture that the explorers encountered on their way.

EMILY SOHN is based in Minneapolis. This is her first article for SMITHSONIAN.

JEREMY COUGHLAN / THE COLUMBIAN; DAVE OLSON / THE COLUMBIAN

THE ELUSIVE SHOSHONE

NEEDING HORSES AND A ROUTE ACROSS THE ROCKIES,
THE CORPS MUST FIND SACAGAWEA'S PEOPLE—OR RISK THE FATE OF THE EXPEDITION

BY MID-JULY 1805, *the corps was desperate to acquire horses—and information—from the Shoshone, the tribe, also known as the Snake Indians, from which interpreter Sacagawea had been abducted five years before. The captains decided that the company might be taken for a raiding party by any Shoshone in the area, so it was agreed that Clark would go ahead with a smaller, less threatening group.*

July 18, 1805 [Capt. Meriwether Lewis]
As we were anxious now to meet with the [Shoshone] or snake Indians as soon as possible in order to obtain information relative to the geography of the country and also if necessary, some horses we thought it better for one of us either Capt. C. or myself to take a small party & proceed on up the river, some distance before the canoes, in order to discover them, should they be on the river before the daily discharge of our guns, which was necessary in procuring subsistence for the party, should allarm and cause them to retreat to the mountains and conceal themselves, supposing us to be their enemies who visit them usually by the way of this river.

"Our Indian woman (Interpreter) informed us that she was taken prisoner at this place."

July 22 [Lewis]
We set out early as usual. The river being divided into such a number of channels by both large and small Island that I found it impossible to lay it down correctly. . . . The Indian woman recognizes the country and assures us that this is the river on which her relations live, and that the three forks are at no great distance. [This] peice of information has cheered the sperits of the party who now begin to console themselves with the anticipation of shortly seeing the head of the missouri yet unknown to the civilized world.

July 27 [Lewis]
We begin to feel considerable anxiety with rispect to the Snake Indians. [If] we do not find them or some other nation who have horses I fear the successfull issue of our voyage will be very doubtfull or at all events much more difficult in it's accomplishment. [We] are now several hundred miles within the bosom of this wild and mountanous country, where game may rationally be expected shortly to become scarce and subsistence precarious. . . .

July 28 [Lewis]
I dispatched two men early this morning up the S.E. Fork to examine the river. . . . Both Capt. C. and myself . . . agreed to name [the three streams] after the President of the United States and the Secretaries of the Treasury and state. . . . Our present camp is precisely on the spot that the Snake Indians were encamped at the time the Minnetares of the Knife R. first came in sight of them five years since. [From] hence they retreated about three miles up Jeffersons river and concealed themselves in the woods, the Minnetares pursued, attacked them, killed 4 men 4 women a number of boys, and mad prisoners of all the females and four boys, *Sah-cah-gar-we-ah* [our] Indian woman was one of the female prisoners taken at that time; tho' I cannot discover that she shews any immotion of sorrow in recollecting this event, or of joy in being again restored to her native country; if she has enough to eat and a few trinkets to wear I beleive she would be perfectly content anywhere.

LEWIS AND CLARK AT THREE FORKS BY E.S. PAXSON, OIL ON CANVAS 1912. COURTESY OF MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DON BEATTY PHOTOGRAPHER 10/1999

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PORTRAIT OF INJUSTICE

SELDOM SEEN FOR DECADES, A STARK IMAGE OF TWO OF THE WRONGFULLY ACCUSED "SCOTTSBORO BOYS" COMES TO LIGHT

THE CRIMINAL CASE with the largest number of trials, retrials, convictions and reversals in American history started in Scottsboro, Alabama, during the throes of the Great Depression. Nine teenagers, who came to be known as the Scottsboro Boys, would spend a collective 130 years behind bars for crimes that never happened. Over the years, the case would outrage people worldwide, including artists such as Langston Hughes, who in 1932 published *Scottsboro Limited*, a book of four poems and a play, to raise money for the defense fund.

Now a previously unknown Scottsboro artwork has surfaced. When the pastel drawing of two defendants, by Aaron Douglas, a leading Harlem Renaissance artist, was offered at an auction of African-Americana last February in New York, National Por-

Aaron Douglas (c. 1933) vividly rendered defendants Norris (above left) and Patterson.

The youths (with guards in Scottsboro, Alabama, in 1931) spent 130 years in prison.

trait Gallery curators snapped it up. The cookie-sheet-size double portrait depicts Clarence Norris and Haywood Patterson, whose cases eventually reached the Supreme Court. It will be on public view for the first time when the gallery, now under renovation, reopens next summer.

The infamous case began with a tussle among a few dozen young hobos riding a freight train through rural Alabama on March 25, 1931. Two white women aboard the train accused nine black teens of rape. Within two weeks, white juries in Scottsboro found the defendants guilty. Executions were set—for all but the youngest—for the month of July.

When the convictions were appealed, with the defense backed primarily by the Communist Party's legal arm, one of the accusers admitted that she'd made up the story; later, she even campaigned for the youths' freedom. Then, in 1935, the Supreme Court, hearing the appeals of the Norris and Patterson cases, ruled in a landmark decision that it was unconstitutional for Alabama to keep blacks off its juries. But new lower-court trials again brought convictions.

The state set four of the men free in 1937 and granted parole to four others over the next dozen years. Norris, released in 1946, died in 1989 in New York City. Patterson escaped from prison in 1948 and fled to Michigan, whose governor refused to extradite him. He died of cancer four years later.

Douglas, the artist, probably based his drawing on pamphlets that criticized the verdicts and featured photographs of Norris and Patterson, says Wendy Wick Reaves, the Portrait Gallery's curator of prints and drawings. She traces the style to the German-born artist Winold Reiss, who drew lifelike pastels of Harlem celebrities and became a mentor to Douglas when the young artist moved to New York City. The Kansas native studied art at the University of Nebraska and later in Paris. He made a name for himself as an illustrator for magazines such as *The Crisis*—W.E.B. Du Bois' journal about race—and *Vanity Fair.* Inspired by ancient Egyptian sculpture and Art Deco flair, Douglas frequently rendered scenes with flat, geometric silhouettes. His four-panel mural for the New York Public Library's 135th Street branch (now a cultural research center), commissioned in 1934, portrays black history from its African origins to enslavement in the South to the jazz explosion in the cities. After nearly 30 years as a Fisk University art professor, Douglas died in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1979. His life's work, Reaves says, includes only a few realistic pastel portraits like the Scottsboro drawing.

The youths' stark faces, Reaves says, symbolize a "catalyzing moment for civil rights." —*ANNE BROACHE*

HURRY IN

View textiles that withstand extreme conditions, including those inside the body (polyester tubing to replace blood vessels), at the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum in New York City until October 30.

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¡AZÚCAR!

The Cuban expatriate's life in the U.S. began on a bittersweet note

FED UP WITH CASTRO, the Afro-Cuban singing sensation Celia Cruz defected to the United States in 1961. Only a year later her mother died, and Cruz, whose flamboyant stage presence and big, throaty voice would help ignite the salsa music craze, applied for a visa to attend the funeral. But Cuban officials denied the request, breaking her heart—and strengthening her resolve against the Communist regime.

The episode comes into focus in a new exhibition on the wildly popular singer, at the National Museum of American History. Among some 90 artifacts from Cruz's life and Technicolor career (a red-and-white polka dot flamenco dress, a rhinestone-encrusted headdress) is a faded telegram from her cousin about her mother's death: "Thank God that [mother] rested. I hope you have strength." Marvette Pérez, the exhibition curator, says that "not being able to be at the funeral was always painful for her."

By then, Cruz had already recorded 19 albums, and would soon begin a seven-year collaboration with the Latin bandleader Tito Puente. The explosive combination of her spitfire vocals and his raucous big-band sound would come to define salsa to a worldwide audience. "*Azú-uuuuucar*!" Cruz would often shout as she strutted across the stage, and the Spanish word for sugar (Cuba's major export) became her vocal calling card. She once explained where the sweet exclamation came from: "I was having dinner at a restaurant in Miami, and when the waiter offered me coffee, he asked me if I took it with or without sugar. I said, 'Chico, you're Cuban. How can you even ask that? With sugar!' "

The "Queen of Salsa" (at the 2002 Latin Grammys) made some 80 recordings.

The Queen of Salsa's muscled contralto made even mournful ballads pop with unmistakable verve. Her costumes were no less, well, energetic. She wore red-sequined dresses, gold-lamé shoes with six-inch heels, and blue neon wigs. "Sometimes my gowns were longer and wider than the stage," she once told the *New York Times*.

As Cruz's fame grew—she recorded more than 80 albums and songs and won five Grammy Awards—she became a cause célèbre to Cubans on both sides of the Florida Straits. In Miami they praised her anti-Castro views, while in Havana the regime painted her as a traitor. After she died at 77 in July 2003, a terse obituary in *Granma*, the Cuban government newspaper, charged that she was "used as an icon by the counterrevolutionary Cubans of South Florida."

"Celia was not a political person," says Ana Cristina Reymundo, who helped the singer write *Celia: My Life*. "She was, above all, an artist. She always said that when politics comes in the door, art flies out the window." Cruz wanted her music to transcend politics. "When people hear me sing," she said, "I want them to be happy, happy, happy. I don't want them thinking about when there's not any money, or when there's fighting at home. My message is always *felicidad*—happiness." —*ULRICH BOSER*

"¡Azúcar! The Life and Music of Celia Cruz" is open through October 30.

FROM THE ATTIC

SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED Of course there were no directions included in the 34 crates of fossilized dinosaur bones that arrived from Utah at the Smithsonian in 1923. Still, over the next seven years, chief of restoration Norman Boss (right, in 1926, reassembling the creature's 88-foot-long spine) chiseled sandstone from the ribs, pelvis and tailbones of the plant-eater Diplodocus. (He had to make plaster casts of the missing head and neck.) The completed 90-foot-long skeleton went on display in 1932; it remains the largest specimen in the Dinosaur Hall at the National Museum of Natural History. —*BETH PY-LIEBERMAN*

LUCY NICHOLSON / AFP / GETTY IMAGES; BETTMANN / CORBIS

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Sources: U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee Hearing. "Drug Importation." 108th Congress, 2nd Session. July 14, 2004; Information available at www.canadarx.com/canadaRXorderform. Accessed September 9, 2004. U.S. Senate. Hearing before the Committee on Health, Education, Labor & Pensions. "Importation of Prescription Drugs," 108th Congress, 2nd Session, May 20, 2004. "Prescription Trips." Newsday. September 19, 2004.

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

JULY ANNIVERSARIES—MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

30 YEARS AGO: BIG DIG
China reports the discovery, by farmers digging a well, of a vast, buried army of 2,200-year-old terra-cotta soldiers near Xi'an, in July 1975. Some 8,000 figures, arranged in battle formation as though guarding the nearby tomb of China's first emperor (221-209 B.C.), Qin Shi Huang, now face an annual onslaught from 1.5 million tourists.

230 YEARS AGO: TOUGH DUTY
Appointed general by a unanimous vote of Congress, George Washington assumes command of the new Continental Army, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 3, 1775. Ordered to "capture or destroy all armed enemies," he must first unify his disparate troops: "It is to be hoped," he writes, "that all distinction of colonies will be laid aside. . . . " He must also keep the soldiers enlisted, and quickly asks Congress to pay the men more. Supply shortages, a problem from the start, snowball by the winter of 1777, when Washington faces a leadership crisis now indelibly linked with his name: Valley Forge.

140 YEARS AGO: TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY
British mountaineer Edward Whymper, 27, reaches the summit of the Matterhorn, becoming the first person to conquer the last great unclimbed Alp, July 14, 1865. After seven failed attempts via the iconic mountain's southwestern ridge, Whymper tries its eastern ridge, beating an Italian climber to the top by mere hours. But disaster strikes on the way down—four of Whymper's team members fall to their deaths when a rope breaks. Whymper dies in 1911 at age 71.

150 YEARS AGO: SONG OF HIMSELF
Walt Whitman, 36, poet, journalist and house builder, publishes *Leaves of Grass* in July 1855. Its 12 poems celebrate the "poetical nature" of the United States and the uncensored vigor of its people, Whitman in particular. Called "preposterous and yet somehow fascinating" by one reviewer, the book doesn't sell. Whitman continues to revise it, and the 1881 edition, banned in Boston as immoral, attracts both defenders and acclaim. Whitman dies at 72 in 1892.

30 YEARS AGO: FACE TIME IN SPACE
American astronaut Deke Slayton (near left) puts Soviet cosmonaut Alexei Leonov in a historic headlock after the crews of the Apollo and Soyuz spaceships link their vessels 140 miles above the Atlantic, July 17, 1975. Five years in the planning, the first international manned spaceflight is hailed by Soviet leader Brezhnev as the "prototype of future orbital space stations." Today, the International Space Station, a United States-led collaboration of 16 nations, hosts a Russian and American crew doing experiments on the effects of prolonged life in space on humans.

20 YEARS AGO: GLOBAL JUKEBOX
More than 50 headlining bands take to stages all over the world (London's Wembley Stadium, above) on July 13, 1985, for Live Aid, a 16-hour, satellite-linked, transatlantic rock concert. "The logistics of this thing are staggering," says creator Bob Geldof. In addition to a live audience of 172,000, the concert reaches some 1.5 billion TV viewers in 152 countries, according to organizers, and raises more than $140 million for famine relief in Ethiopia.

—ALISON MCLEAN

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: KEREN SU / CORBIS; BEINECKE RARE BOOK & MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; THOMAS COOPER LIBRARY, RARE BOOK & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS / UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA; NASA / CORBIS; FRASER JASON / LEHR / SIPA; BETTMANN / CORBIS; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

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WHAT PRICE GLORY?

On Morris Island, South Carolina, where the nation's legendary African-American fighting force proved its valor in the Civil War, a proposed housing development has ignited a debate over the uses of history

BY FERGUS M. BORDEWICH

AS A CRIMSON sunset spread over a darkening Atlantic Ocean on July 18, 1863, African-American soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts Volunteers, 650 in all, stood on the shore of South Carolina's Morris Island "like giant statues of marble," an eyewitness remembered. Behind them, five more Yankee regiments stood at the ready. For hours, Union ironclads had shelled the Confederate garrison of Fort Wagner, half a mile away.

Around 7:30 p.m., 25-year-old Col. Robert Gould Shaw of Boston addressed the men of the 54th. "We shall take the fort or die there!" he told them. "Now I want you to prove yourselves men!" As depicted in the 1989 film *Glory,* the two long blue ranks began to move forward across the sand.

The fate of the Civil War hinged on the battle that would follow. Capturing Charleston—the South's major port and the symbolic birthplace of Secession—would drive a fatal spike into the heart of the Confederacy. The defensive linchpin was Fort Sumter, where the war's first shots had been fired against its then-Federal defenders in April 1861. Sumter now bristled with Confederate cannon. If Union forces could recapture it, they could penetrate the harbor, seize the city and strike inland.

"Fort Wagner was the key to Morris Island, and Morris Island was the key to Fort Sumter," says Stephen R. Wise, director of the Parris Island Marine Corps Museum and author of *Gate of Hell: Campaign for Charleston Harbor, 1863*. "Once the North captured it, they could place bat-

Within days of the 54th regiment's assault (in an 1890 depiction), the *New York Tribune* reported that the attack "made Fort Wagner such a name to the colored race as Bunker Hill has been for ninety years to the white Yankees."

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Preservationist Blake Hallman, who leads a coalition opposing construction, believes that "Morris Island is an incredible jewel." The threat to the site, he says, is "immediate and real."

teries there and destroy Fort Sumter, which controlled access to the harbor."

Today a new battle for Morris Island is under way. A Charleston-based developer, Harry Huffman, has proposed building 20 luxury homes on 128 acres of the island that are privately owned, including the land near Battery Gregg, a Confederate emplacement to the north of Fort Wagner and now underwater. (The rest of the island is owned by the State of South Carolina, which leases it to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.) In recent months, newspaper ads have offered oceanfront properties with 360-degree views at $500,000 an acre.

Huffman says he has "bent over backwards" to acknowledge Morris Island's Civil War legacy and to exercise great care in the development. He has offered to create a small memorial park to commemorate the battle of Morris Island.

Critics of the proposed development say it would destroy the island's splendid isolation and wreak havoc on the vestiges of the Civil War battlefield underwater just offshore.

The effort to stop residential development on the island has brought together preservationists, historians and ecologists, as well as Civil War buffs of all stripes. "This isn't a Confederate versus Union issue," says Jeff Antley, a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving the legacy of those who fought for the South. "We should protect the island because of the sacrifices of *all* the men who died there. It doesn't matter who shot who anymore." Joseph McGill Jr., a Charleston-based program officer for the National Trust for Historic Preservation and an African-American, agrees. "We and the keepers of the Confederate flame disagree on more than we agree on," he says. "But one thing we do agree on is the preservation of Morris Island."

"That island is hallowed ground," says Blake Hallman, a native Charlestonian and business instructor at the Culinary Institute of Charleston, who leads the coalition to save the island. "Southern soldiers were fighting for their families, their country and an economic way of life. Black troops wanted to prove themselves just as good as the whites. Young New Englanders who fought and died there made a sacrifice for the nation, for their beliefs, for the U.S. Constitution. This story deserves to be told, and it can be told only if the island is protected from development. Morris Island is an incredible jewel. The threat to it is serious and immediate."

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS that summer evening in 1863, the 54th Massachusetts now marched with quickening tread along a narrow beach road. The South was already reeling. Just two weeks earlier, Union forces had hurled Robert E. Lee's army back at Gettysburg, and more than 1,000 miles away, Ulysses S. Grant captured

FERGUS M. BORDEWICH is the author of Bound for Canaan: The Underground Railroad and the War for the Soul of America.

P. 44 VINCE MUSI; PP. 44, 45 NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

Developer Harry Huffman, who wants to build on the northern tip of the island (map, below), insists that he has "bent over backwards" to acknowledge the island's Civil War legacy.

Vicksburg, effectively cutting the Confederacy in two.

If the battle for Fort Wagner meant life or death for the Confederacy, it also represented a signal opportunity for black Americans. The 54th was no ordinary regiment. It was the first African-American unit recruited in the North and the first black outfit selected to lead a major attack. With it marched the hopes of countless African-Americans, free and slave. "Once let the black man get upon his person the brass letters, U.S., let him get an eagle on his button, and a musket on his shoulder and bullets in his pocket, and there is no power on earth which can deny that he has earned the right to citizenship in the United States," the charismatic black orator Frederick Douglass had proclaimed. Two of his sons, Charles and Lewis, were among the first volunteers for the 54th.

Many whites were skeptical that former slaves, or even free blacks, had the wherewithal to face battle. Earlier in the war, President Lincoln had also worried that arming blacks would push slave-owning border states, such as Kentucky, into the Rebel camp. By 1862, however, faltering white enlistments impelled Lincoln to recalibrate his concerns. Yankee officers praised the 54th's discipline, but no one knew how it would fight. "The eyes of the nation were on them," says Wise.

For decades, Morris Island was barely a footnote to the grand narratives of Civil War history. That changed with the release, in 1989, of *Glory*, recounting the 54th's story (with Morgan Freeman, Denzel Washington and Matthew Broderick). "The film showed me for the first time that we had a say in the outcome of the Civil War," says McGill. "There are very few places where African-Americans can experience in a positive way what their ancestors did. Morris Island shows how we got out of slavery and started to move forward. African-American Civil War reenactors often ask me to bring them back sand from Morris Island when I go out there."

"The significance of the 54th's attack on Fort Wagner was enormous," says Princeton University historian James M. McPherson, author of *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era*, a single-volume survey of the war. "Its sacrifice became the war's dominant positive symbol of black courage. It was the most publicized single example of blacks in combat during the war, and it gave the final impetus to the Lincoln administration's commitment to recruiting large numbers of black soldiers. In 1864, Lincoln publicly said that the Union cause could not prevail without the contribution of the more than 100,000 black soldiers then in uniform."

VINCE MUSI; MAP: MIKE REAGAN

BUT MORRIS ISLAND'S historical importance lies not only in the 54th's assault on Fort Wagner. The battle for the island, and for Charleston, also introduced several military innovations, including trench warfare; long-range artillery; a forerunner of the machine gun; the use of wire entanglements and searchlights; and even aerial reconnaissance. "World War I was foreshadowed here," says Wise.

Huffman, the developer, says that "the state already owns the most historic part of the island, 700 acres in all," and "only two of the houses would be visible from Fort Sumter. Plans call for six-acre lots; there will be no high density." Additionally, "houses would be restricted to Lowcountry antebellum architectural styles, duplicating designs from the 1850s and using materials from the period, such as pine, cypress siding and stucco made from an oyster-shell composite." (Hallman counters that "one of the houses is supposed to be built right on top of the site of a suspected Union artillery emplacement.")

Huffman, who is also seeking to develop 128 acres on Cummings Point, at the northern tip of the island, says he has drawings of the area in the 1850s "that show 13 palatial mansions already there. My adversaries want to preserve Morris Island as they knew it in their childhoods in the 1950s and '60s [when it had been long uninhabited]. We're just about 150 years apart in our view of [Morris Island's] history."

"Morris Island is the best Civil War site there is in Charleston, if not South Carolina," says Civil War historian Gordon C. Rhea, author of *Carrying the Flag*, the story of Confederate soldier Charles Whilden. "The thought of it being turned into a subdivision makes me cry. Once you destroy it, you can't ever get it back again."

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54th REGIMENT!
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AFRICAN DESCENT
Col. ROBERT G. SHAW.
Colored Men, Rally 'Round the Flag of Freedom!
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Volunteers to the 54th (a recruitment poster) included William Carney (below, left), who would win the Medal of Honor, and Frederick Douglass' son Lewis (right), who wrote after the battle: "I wish we had a hundred thousand colored troops we would put an end to this war."

AS THE BLUE-CLAD soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts neared Fort Wagner that night in July, the naval guns fell silent. Smoke hung over the fort's sloping, shell-pocked earthen rampart. Nothing seemed to move. In all, 5,000 men would eventually be committed to the assault. The Federal command was counting on sheer numbers and its artillery to overwhelm the enemy. Some believed the fort to be defended by as few as 300 men. However, the Confederates had broken the Union's secret code and knew almost precisely when the assault was to begin. Reinforcements, moved into the fort under cover of darkness, had strengthened the garrison to more than 1,600 men. Most had barely slept for days, and they had spent the past eight hours concealed and suffocating in the fort's bunker. "They were exhausted," says Rhea. "But they had an excellent defensive position. And they certainly were not prepared to surrender to black troops."

Six hundred yards from the fort, Colonel Shaw ordered the 54th to fix bayonets. At 200 yards, Confederate fire opened up. At 100 yards or so, Shaw gave the order to charge; the men broke into a run. At 80 yards, Confederate infantrymen suddenly appeared on the parapet. "The silent and shattered walls of Wagner all at once burst forth into a blinding sheet of vivid light," a Yankee observer recorded. Grapeshot tore through the 54th's ranks. "Our men fell like grass before a sickle," a survivor later recalled.

Undaunted, the attacking troops plunged into the fort's foot-deep moat. The men swarmed up the sloping earthen rampart, clambered over the bodies of the fallen and leapt down among the cannon. Miraculously, Shaw himself managed to reach the parapet. "Onward, boys!" he shouted. "Forward, Fifty-Fourth!" He raised his sword, then toppled forward, shot dead. The Southerners fought with brutal ferocity. In the darkness made red by gunfire, men hacked at each other with bayonets and swords, and hammered with musket butts, gun rammers and hand spikes.

Gradually, the Confederate defenders gained the upper hand. "Men fell all around me," Frederick Douglass' son Lewis would recall. "A shell would explode and clear a space of twenty feet, our men would close up again, but it was no use—we had to retreat." The survivors edged back over the parapet onto the fort's outer slope, where they hung on tenaciously against all odds. Confederate howitzers posted in the sand dunes now swept the front wall of the fort with a devastating crossfire, while the fort's defenders rolled hand grenades and lighted shells down among the Union regiment.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY; MUSEUM OF AFRO-AMERICAN HISTORY, BOSTON; MOORELAND-SPINGARN RESEARCH CENTER, HOWARD UNIVERSITY

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For Northern commanders, Morris Island (where Union forces bivouacked, 1863, above) represented the gateway to a strategic prize: Fort Sumter and the port city of Charleston.

In the words of one Confederate officer, the Southerners "drove back the enemy . . . with frightful slaughter." Capt. Luis Emilio, among a handful of the 54th's unwounded officers, ordered the survivors to withdraw.

Meanwhile, two additional Yankee regiments—the 6th Connecticut and the 48th New York, both composed of white soldiers—surged against the fort's rampart, only to be beaten back. A third wave of attacking Federals managed to penetrate the fort on its seaward side, where many were trapped and captured. By 1:00 a.m. the battle was over. The 54th was the only Northern regiment to maintain discipline after the repulse, helping to allow Union troops to form a defensive line across the island, which enabled survivors from the other broken units to regroup without fear of a Confederate counterattack.

The dawn revealed a scene of stupefying carnage. White and black corpses lay entangled together, in some places three deep. One eyewitness never forgot the "pale beseeching faces" of the living "looking out from among the ghastly corpses with moans and cries for help and water, and dying gasps and death struggles." Among them was the body of Colonel Shaw, which the Confederates—intending it as a disgrace—threw into a mass grave with his men. Of the 5,000 Federals who took part, 1,527 were casualties: 246 killed, 890 wounded and 391 captured. The 54th lost a stunning 42 percent of its men: 34 killed, 146 wounded and 92 missing and presumed captured. By comparison, the Confederates suffered a loss of just 222 men.

Despite the 54th's terrible casualties, the battle of Fort Wagner was a watershed for the regiment. Not even Confederates could deny the bravery of the men. As Lt. Iredell Jones, a member of the fort's garrison, reported, "The negroes fought gallantly, and were headed by as brave a colonel as ever lived."

The courage of the 54th changed the face of the war. "The 54th Massachusetts proved that blacks would fight," says Wise. "Their sacrifice sparked a huge recruitment drive of black Americans. It also allowed Lincoln to make the case to whites that the people the North was in the war to help would carry their own weight in battle." Before the war had ended, nearly 180,000 African-Americans would wear Yankee blue, and at least another 20,000 would serve in the Federal Navy. Some 37,000 would die in the Union cause. A nation that had derided blacks as cowards when the "white man's war" began would award 21 black soldiers and sailors the Medal of Honor by the time it ended.

IN THE AFTERMATH of the battle, 80 black captured soldiers posed a dilemma for Confederate leaders: What were they to do with them? To acknowledge blacks as soldiers was to admit that they were equal to whites, which would undermine the whole rationale for slavery and much of the rationale for Secession. According to Confederate law, captured black soldiers were to be disposed of by state law: the punishment in almost all Southern states for "in-

stigating slave rebellion" was either death or, for free blacks, enslavement.

Four prisoners from the 54th, all former slaves, were ordered to stand trial in Charleston at the beginning of September. Their fate seemed preordained. However, President Lincoln had warned that for every Union soldier executed—black or white—a rebel would be executed, and for any one enslaved, a Rebel prisoner would be put to hard labor.

Unexpectedly—probably under pressure from Confederate generals who feared the consequences of the anticipated executions for their own POWs in the North—the court caved in to Lincoln's threat. It quietly ruled that it had no jurisdiction in the case, thus tacitly admitting that black soldiers were prisoners of war like any others and had to be treated accordingly. Confederate authorities never again put any black prisoners on trial; though, from then on, surrendering black soldiers were sometimes executed on the battlefield, notably at Fort Pillow, Tennessee, in 1864. In March 1865, however, just weeks before the surrender of Lee's army in Virginia, a desperate Confederate Congress authorized Jefferson Davis to recruit black soldiers to the Confederate cause.

MEANWHILE ON MORRIS ISLAND, the Union forces settled down to siege warfare. For besieged and besiegers alike, the island was a hellhole. The interior of the fort, in the words of Confederate Col. Charles C. Jones Jr., "was little else than a charnel house. Its polluted atmosphere almost refused to support life, and its galleries were filled with the groans of the wounded and dying." Temperatures soared above 100 degrees. Sand sifted into men's eyes and noses, their clothes, food and equipment. Mosquitoes swarmed everywhere. Fevers, scurvy and malaria took a growing toll. Day by day, Yankee trenches zigzagged closer to Fort Wagner, as ironclads shelled Confederate defenses with impunity. Federal gunners experimented with so-called Requa batteries, forerunners of the machine gun, which consisted of 25 rifles arranged horizontally that could fire up to 175 shots a minute. At night, engineers aimed huge lights at the fort to prevent the Confederates from rebuilding the day's damage—one of the first uses of searchlights in military history. Eventually, some of the fort's fixed guns were blown from their positions. Ultimately, Wagner's defenders bowed to the inevitable; on the night of September 6 they fled to Charleston under cover of darkness. One Confederate was heard to say upon his safe arrival there that he wasn't "afeared of hell no more—it can't touch Wagner."

Although the Confederates abandoned Morris Island, they had nonetheless gained what Wise calls "a morally uplifting, strategic victory." For 58 days, a garrison that rarely numbered more than 1,000 men had held off a force of 11,000 armed with some of the heaviest artillery in existence and supported by a naval armada. And still Charleston held. Fort Wagner's defenders had bought time enough for Confederates to construct new defenses. Charleston did not fall until February 1865, two months before the end of the war.

"The battles of Morris Island saved Charleston," says Wise. "If [the South] had lost Charleston on the heels of their defeats at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, it could have brought a rapid end to the war. The defense of Fort Wagner became a symbol of resistance. Had they lost there, Southern morale would have been deeply hurt, and foreign interest in the Confederacy would have been affected."

After Federal forces consolidated their position on Morris Island, Charleston became the target of the heaviest and longest bombardment ever carried out in North America. Indeed, it was not surpassed until the German bombardment of Leningrad during World War II. In the course of 545 days, Yankee batteries on Morris Island hurled some 22,000 shells at the city, five miles away across the harbor. Their guns simultaneously rained shells on Fort Sumter, reducing it to a useless but unconquered heap of rubble. Casualties were slight: only five civilians were killed. But the lower part of the city was virtually abandoned, as residents fled for safety. Near the war's end, Union general William Tecumseh Sherman reported that Charleston had become "a mere desolated wreck . . . hardly worth the time it would take to starve it out."

The 54th Massachusetts remained part of Fort Wagner's garrison until January 1864. It was then redeployed to a series of posts along the coast, serving with distinction in the battles of Olustee, in Florida, and James Island and Honey Hill, in South Carolina. After the city's surrender in 1865, in an ironic postscript that galled Charlestonians, the 54th was billeted in the Citadel, the military academy housed in a building that was originally an arsenal constructed in the early 1830s to fortify local defenses after an 1822 slave revolt. As for the regiment's dead, they were left buried in the sands of Morris Island, close by the bodies of Confederate soldiers who also died for what they believed. Whether they will remain there undisturbed depends a great deal on Blake Hallman.

HALLMAN FIRST LEARNED of the development threat to Morris Island in his capacity as a board member of the nonprofit South Carolina Battleground Preservation Trust. "When I found out the island was in danger, it galvanized me," he says. He had watched unchecked development devour the other barrier islands around Charleston. "No one was standing up for the island. I said to myself, don't just get angry—do something. I want to see the island preserved in its natural state for future Americans, so we can tell the story of these brave Americans, both white and black."

The coalition that Hallman heads has so far managed to thwart development plans. Existing law limits development to one home per 25 acres on barrier islands, which would limit to two the number permitted on Morris Island. Harry Huffman, however, has sought to have zoning restrictions eased. The

takes the #1 prescribed Alzheimer's drug.[1]

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Aricept is indicated for mild to moderate Alzheimer's.

Aricept is well tolerated but may not be for everyone. Some people may have nausea, diarrhea, not sleep well, or vomit. Some people may have muscle cramps, feel very tired, or may not want to eat. In studies, these side effects were usually mild and went away over time. People at risk for stomach ulcers or who take certain other medicines should tell their doctors because serious stomach problems, such as bleeding, may get worse. Some people who take Aricept may experience fainting.

Please see additional important product information on next page.

[1] IMS MAT/June/04 (MPFARI – June/04 database).

ARICEPT® (Donepezil Hydrochloride Tablets)

Brief Summary—see package insert for full prescribing information. **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** ARICEPT® is indicated for the treatment of mild to moderate dementia of the Alzheimer's type. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** ARICEPT® is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to donepezil hydrochloride or to piperidine derivatives. **WARNINGS** ***Anesthesia:*** ARICEPT®, as a cholinesterase inhibitor, is likely to exaggerate succinylcholine-type muscle relaxation during anesthesia. ***Cardiovascular Conditions:*** Because of their pharmacological action, cholinesterase inhibitors may have vagotonic effects on the sinoatrial and atrioventricular nodes. This effect may manifest as bradycardia or heart block in patients both with and without known underlying cardiac conduction abnormalities. Syncopal episodes have been reported in association with the use of ARICEPT®. ***Gastrointestinal Conditions:*** Through their primary action, cholinesterase inhibitors may be expected to increase gastric acid secretion due to increased cholinergic activity. Therefore, patients should be monitored closely for symptoms of active or occult gastrointestinal bleeding, especially those at increased risk for developing ulcers, e.g., those with a history of ulcer disease or those receiving concurrent nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDS). Clinical studies of ARICEPT® have shown no increase, relative to placebo, in the incidence of either peptic ulcer disease or gastrointestinal bleeding. ARICEPT®, as a predictable consequence of its pharmacological properties, has been shown to produce diarrhea, nausea and vomiting. These effects, when they occur, appear more frequently with the 10 mg/day dose than with the 5 mg/day dose. In most cases, these effects have been mild and transient, sometimes lasting one to three weeks, and have resolved during continued use of ARICEPT®. ***Genitourinary:*** Although not observed in clinical trials of ARICEPT®, cholinomimetics may cause bladder outflow obstruction. ***Neurological Conditions:*** Seizures: Cholinomimetics are believed to have some potential to cause generalized convulsions. However, seizure activity also may be a manifestation of Alzheimer's Disease. ***Pulmonary Conditions:*** Because of their cholinomimetic actions, cholinesterase inhibitors should be prescribed with care to patients with a history of asthma or obstructive pulmonary disease. **PRECAUTIONS Drug-Drug Interactions** (see Clinical Pharmacology: Clinical Pharmacokinetics: Drug-drug Interactions) ***Effect of ARICEPT® on the Metabolism of Other Drugs:*** No *in vivo* clinical trials have investigated the effect of ARICEPT® on the clearance of drugs metabolized by CYP 3A4 (e.g. cisapride, terfenadine) or by CYP 2D6 (e.g. imipramine). However, *in vitro* studies show a low rate of binding to these enzymes (mean K_i about 50-130 μM), that, given the therapeutic plasma concentrations of donepezil (164 nM), indicates little likelihood of interference. Whether ARICEPT® has any potential for enzyme induction is not known. Formal pharmacokinetic studies evaluated the potential of ARICEPT® for interaction with theophylline, cimetidine, warfarin, digoxin and ketoconazole. No effects of ARICEPT® on the pharmacokinetics of these drugs were observed. ***Effect of Other Drugs on the Metabolism of ARICEPT®:*** Ketoconazole and quinidine, inhibitors of CYP450, 3A4 and 2D6, respectively, inhibit donepezil metabolism *in vitro*. Whether there is a clinical effect of quinidine is not known. In a 7-day crossover study in 18 healthy volunteers, ketoconazole (200 mg q.d.) increased mean donepezil (5 mg q.d.) concentrations (AUC_{0-24} and C_{max}) by 36%. The clinical relevance of this increase in concentration is unknown. Inducers of CYP 2D6 and CYP 3A4 (e.g., phenytoin, carbamazepine, dexamethasone, rifampin, and phenobarbital) could increase the rate of elimination of ARICEPT®. Formal pharmacokinetic studies demonstrated that the metabolism of ARICEPT® is not significantly affected by concurrent administration of digoxin or cimetidine. ***Use with Anticholinergics:*** Because of their mechanism of action, cholinesterase inhibitors have the potential to interfere with the activity of anticholinergic medications. ***Use with Cholinomimetics and Other Cholinesterase Inhibitors:*** A synergistic effect may be expected when cholinesterase inhibitors are given concurrently with succinylcholine, similar neuromuscular blocking agents or cholinergic agonists such as bethanechol. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** No evidence of a carcinogenic potential was obtained in an 88-week carcinogenicity study of donepezil hydrochloride conducted in CD-1 mice at doses up to 180 mg/kg/day (approximately 90 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis), or in a 104-week carcinogenicity study in Sprague-Dawley rats at doses up to 30 mg/kg/day (approximately 30 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis). Donepezil was not mutagenic in the Ames reverse mutation assay in bacteria,or in a mouse lymphoma forward mutation assay *in vitro*. In the chromosome aberration test in cultures of Chinese hamster lung (CHL) cells, some clastogenic effects were observed. Donepezil was not clastogenic in the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test and was not genotoxic in an *in vivo* unscheduled DNA synthesis assay in rats. Donepezil had no effect on fertility in rats at doses up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 8 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis). **Pregnancy** ***Pregnancy Category C:*** Teratology studies conducted in pregnant rats at doses up to 16 mg/kg/day (approximately 13 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) and in pregnant rabbits at doses up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 16 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) did not disclose any evidence for a teratogenic potential of donepezil. However, in a study in which pregnant rats were given up to 10 mg/kg/day (approximately 8 times the maximum recommended human dose on a mg/m² basis) from day 17 of gestation through day 20 postpartum, there was a slight increase in still births and a slight decrease in pup survival through day 4 postpartum at this dose; the next lower dose tested was 3 mg/kg/day. There are no adequate or well-controlled studies in pregnant women. ARICEPT® should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers** It is not known whether donepezil is excreted in human breast milk. ARICEPT® has no indication for use in nursing mothers. **Pediatric Use** There are no adequate and well-controlled trials to document the safety and efficacy of ARICEPT® in any illness occurring in children. **Geriatric Use** Alzheimer's disease is a disorder occurring primarily in individuals over 55 years of age. The mean age of the patients enrolled in the clinical studies with ARICEPT® was 73 years; 80% of these patients were between 65 and 84 years old and 49% of the patients were at or above the age of 75. The efficacy and safety data presented in the clinical trials section were obtained from these patients. There were no clinically significant differences in most adverse events reported by patient groups ≥65 years old and <65 years old. **ADVERSE REACTIONS Adverse Events Leading to Discontinuation** The rates of discontinuation from controlled clinical trials of ARICEPT® due to adverse events for the ARICEPT® 5 mg/day treatment groups were comparable to those of placebo-treatment groups at approximately 5%. The rate of discontinuation of patients who received 7-day escalations from 5 mg/day to 10 mg/day, was higher at 13%. The most common adverse events leading to discontinuation, defined as those occurring in at least 2% of patients and at twice the incidence seen in placebo patients, are shown in Table 1.

Table 1. Most Frequent Adverse Events Leading to Withdrawal from Controlled Clinical Trials by Dose Group

Dose Group	Placebo	5 mg/day ARICEPT®	10 mg/day ARICEPT®
Patients Randomized Event/% Discontinuing	355	350	315
Nausea	1%	1%	3%
Diarrhea	0%	<1%	3%
Vomiting	<1%	<1%	2%

Most Frequent Adverse Clinical Events Seen in Association with the Use of ARICEPT® The most common adverse events, defined as those occurring at a frequency of at least 5% in patients receiving 10 mg/day and twice the placebo rate, are largely predicted by ARICEPT®'s cholinomimetic effects. These include nausea, diarrhea, insomnia, vomiting, muscle cramp, fatigue and anorexia. These adverse events were often of mild intensity and transient, resolving during continued ARICEPT® treatment without the need for dose modification. There is evidence to suggest that the frequency of these common adverse events may be affected by the rate of titration. An open-label study was conducted with 269 patients who received placebo in the 15 and 30-week studies. These patients were titrated to a dose of 10 mg/day over a 6-week period. The rates of common adverse events were lower than those seen in patients titrated to 10 mg/day over one week in the controlled clinical trials and were comparable to those seen in patients on 5 mg/day. See Table 2 for a comparison of the most common adverse events following one and six week titration regimens.

Table 2. Comparison of Rates of Adverse Events in Patients Titrated to 10 mg/day Over 1 and 6 Weeks

	No titration		One week titration	Six week titration
Adverse Event	**Placebo (n=315)**	**5 mg/day (n=311)**	**10 mg/day (n=315)**	**10 mg/day (n=269)**
Nausea	6%	5%	19%	6%
Diarrhea	5%	8%	15%	9%
Insomnia	6%	6%	14%	6%
Fatigue	3%	4%	8%	3%
Vomiting	3%	3%	8%	5%
Muscle cramps	2%	6%	8%	3%
Anorexia	2%	3%	7%	3%

Adverse Events Reported in Controlled Trials The events cited reflect experience gained under closely monitored conditions of clinical trials in a highly selected patient population. In actual clinical practice or in other clinical trials, these frequency estimates may not apply, as the conditions of use, reporting behavior, and the kinds of patients treated may differ. Table 3 lists treatment emergent signs and symptoms that were reported in at least 2% of patients in placebo-controlled trials who received ARICEPT® and for which the rate of occurrence was greater for ARICEPT® assigned than placebo assigned patients. In general, adverse events occurred more frequently in female patients and with advancing age.

Table 3. Adverse Events Reported in Controlled Clinical Trials in at Least 2% of Patients Receiving ARICEPT® and at a Higher Frequency than Placebo-treated Patients

Body System/Adverse Event	Placebo (n=355)	ARICEPT® (n=747)
Percent of Patients with any Adverse Event	**72**	**74**
Body as a Whole		
Headache	9	10
Pain, various locations	8	9
Accident	6	7
Fatigue	3	5
Cardiovascular System		
Syncope	1	2
Digestive System		
Nausea	6	11
Diarrhea	5	10
Vomiting	3	5
Anorexia	2	4
Hemic and Lymphatic System		
Ecchymosis	3	4
Metabolic and Nutritional Systems		
Weight Decrease	1	3
Musculoskeletal System		
Muscle Cramps	2	6
Arthritis	1	2
Nervous System		
Insomnia	6	9
Dizziness	6	8
Depression	<1	3
Abnormal Dreams	0	3
Somnolence	<1	2
Urogenital System		
Frequent Urination	1	2

Other Adverse Events Observed During Clinical Trials ARICEPT® has been administered to over 1700 individuals during clinical trials worldwide. Approximately 1200 of these patients have been treated for at least 3 months and more than 1000 patients have been treated for at least 6 months. Controlled and uncontrolled trials in the United States included approximately 900 patients. In regards to the highest dose of 10 mg/day, this population includes 650 patients treated for 3 months, 475 patients treated for 6 months and 116 patients treated for over 1 year. The range of patient exposure is from 1 to 1214 days. Treatment emergent signs and symptoms that occurred during 3 controlled clinical trials and two open-label trials in the United States were recorded as adverse events by the clinical investigators using terminology of their own choosing. To provide an overall estimate of the proportion of individuals having similar types of events, the events were grouped into a smaller number of standardized categories using a modified COSTART dictionary and event frequencies were calculated across all studies. These categories are used in the listing below. The frequencies represent the proportion of 900 patients from these trials who experienced that event while receiving ARICEPT®. All adverse events occurring at least twice are included, except for those already listed in Tables 2 or 3, COSTART terms too general to be informative, or events less likely to be drug caused. Events are classified by body system and listed using the following definitions: *frequent adverse events*—those occurring in at least 1/100 patients; *infrequent adverse events*—those occurring in 1/100 to 1/1000 patients. These adverse events are not necessarily related to ARICEPT® treatment and in most cases were observed at a similar frequency in placebo-treated patients in the controlled studies. No important additional adverse events were seen in studies conducted outside the United States. **Body as a Whole:** *Frequent:* influenza, chest pain, toothache; *Infrequent:* fever, edema face, periorbital edema, hernia hiatal, abscess, cellulitis, chills, generalized coldness, head fullness, listlessness. **Cardiovascular System:** *Frequent:* hypertension, vasodilation, atrial fibrillation, hot flashes, hypotension; *Infrequent:* angina pectoris, postural hypotension, myocardial infarction, AV block (first degree), congestive heart failure, arteritis, bradycardia, peripheral vascular disease, supraventricular tachycardia, deep vein thrombosis. **Digestive System:** *Frequent:* fecal incontinence, gastrointestinal bleeding, bloating, epigastric pain; *Infrequent:* eructation, gingivitis, increased appetite, flatulence, periodontal abscess, cholelithiasis, diverticulitis, drooling, dry mouth, fever sore, gastritis, irritable colon, tongue edema, epigastric distress, gastroenteritis, increased transaminases, hemorrhoids, ileus, increased thirst, jaundice, melena, polydipsia, duodenal ulcer, stomach ulcer. **Endocrine System:** *Infrequent:* diabetes mellitus, goiter. **Hemic and Lymphatic System:** *Infrequent:* anemia, thrombocythemia, thrombocytopenia, eosinophilia, erythrocytopenia. **Metabolic and Nutritional Disorders:** *Frequent:* dehydration; *Infrequent:* gout, hypokalemia, increased creatine kinase, hyperglycemia, weight increase, increased lactate dehydrogenase. **Musculoskeletal System:** *Frequent:* bone fracture; *Infrequent:* muscle weakness, muscle fasciculation. **Nervous System:** *Frequent:* delusions, tremor, irritability, paresthesia, aggression, vertigo, ataxia, increased libido, restlessness, abnormal crying, nervousness, aphasia; *Infrequent:* cerebrovascular accident, intracranial hemorrhage, transient ischemic attack, emotional lability, neuralgia, coldness (localized), muscle spasm, dysphoria, gait abnormality, hypertonia, hypokinesia, neurodermatitis, numbness (localized), paranoia, dysarthria, dysphasia, hostility, decreased libido, melancholia, emotional withdrawal, nystagmus, pacing. **Respiratory System:** *Frequent:* dyspnea, sore throat, bronchitis; *Infrequent:* epistaxis, post nasal drip, pneumonia, hyperventilation, pulmonary congestion, wheezing, hypoxia, pharyngitis, pleurisy, pulmonary collapse, sleep apnea, snoring. **Skin and Appendages:** *Frequent:* pruritus, diaphoresis, urticaria; *Infrequent:* dermatitis, erythema, skin discoloration, hyperkeratosis, alopecia, fungal dermatitis, herpes zoster, hirsutism, skin striae, night sweats, skin ulcer. **Special Senses:** *Frequent:* cataract, eye irritation, vision blurred; *Infrequent:* dry eyes, glaucoma, earache, tinnitus, blepharitis, decreased hearing, retinal hemorrhage, otitis externa, otitis media, bad taste, conjunctival hemorrhage, ear buzzing, motion sickness, spots before eyes. **Urogenital System:** *Frequent:* urinary incontinence, nocturia; *Infrequent:* dysuria, hematuria, urinary urgency, metrorrhagia, cystitis, enuresis, prostate hypertrophy, pyelonephritis, inability to empty bladder, breast fibroadenosis, fibrocystic breast, mastitis, pyuria, renal failure, vaginitis. **Postintroduction Reports** Voluntary reports of adverse events temporally associated with ARICEPT® that have been received since market introduction that are not listed above, and that there is inadequate data to determine the causal relationship with the drug include the following: abdominal pain, agitation, cholecystitis, confusion, convulsions, hallucinations, heart block (all types), hemolytic anemia, hepatitis, hyponatremia, neuroleptic malignant syndrome, pancreatitis, and rash. **OVERDOSAGE Because strategies for the management of overdose are continually evolving, it is advisable to contact a Poison Control Center to determine the latest recommendations for the management of an overdose of any drug.** As in any case of overdose, general supportive measures should be utilized. Overdosage with cholinesterase inhibitors can result in cholinergic crisis characterized by severe nausea, vomiting, salivation, sweating, bradycardia, hypotension, respiratory depression, collapse and convulsions. Increasing muscle weakness is a possibility and may result in death if respiratory muscles are involved. Tertiary anticholinergics such as atropine may be used as an antidote for ARICEPT® overdosage. Intravenous atropine sulfate titrated to effect is recommended: an initial dose of 1.0 to 2.0 mg IV with subsequent doses based upon clinical response. Atypical responses in blood pressure and heart rate have been reported with other cholinomimetics when co-administered with quaternary anticholinergics such as glycopyrrolate. It is not known whether ARICEPT® and/or its metabolites can be removed by dialysis (hemodialysis, peritoneal dialysis, or hemofiltration). Dose-related signs of toxicity in animals included reduced spontaneous movement, prone position, staggering gait, lacrimation, clonic convulsions, depressed respiration, salivation, miosis, tremors, fasciculation and lower body surface temperature. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** The dosages of ARICEPT® shown to be effective in controlled clinical trials are 5 mg and 10 mg administered once per day. The higher dose of 10 mg did not provide a statistically significantly greater clinical benefit than 5 mg. There is a suggestion, however, based upon order of group mean scores and dose trend analyses of data from these clinical trials, that a daily dose of 10 mg of ARICEPT® might provide additional benefit for some patients. Accordingly, whether or not to employ a dose of 10 mg is a matter of prescriber and patient preference. Evidence from the controlled trials indicates that the 10 mg dose, with a one week titration, is likely to be associated with a higher incidence of cholinergic adverse events than the 5 mg dose. In open label trials using a 6 week titration, the frequency of these same adverse events was similar between the 5 mg and 10 mg dose groups. Therefore, because steady state is not achieved for 15 days and because the incidence of untoward effects may be influenced by the rate of dose escalation, treatment with a dose of 10 mg should not be contemplated until patients have been on a daily dose of 5 mg for 4 to 6 weeks. ARICEPT® should be taken in the evening, just prior to retiring. ARICEPT® can be taken with or without food. **HOW SUPPLIED** ARICEPT® is supplied as film-coated, round tablets containing either 5 mg or 10 mg of donepezil hydrochloride. The 5 mg tablets are white. The strength, in mg (5), is debossed on one side and ARICEPT is debossed on the other side. The 10 mg tablets are yellow. The strength, in mg (10), is debossed on one side and ARICEPT is debossed on the other side. 5 mg (White): Bottles of 30 (NDC# 62856-245-30), Bottles of 90 (NDC# 62856-245-90), Unit Dose Blister Package 100 (10x10) (NDC# 62856-245-41). 10 mg (Yellow): Bottles of 30 (NDC# 62856-246-30), Bottles of 90 (NDC# 62856-246-90), Unit Dose Blister Package 100 (10x10) (NDC# 62856-246-41). **Storage:** Store at controlled room temperature, 15°C to 30°C (59°F to 86°F).

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Today, Morris Island (one of its landmarks, an 1870s lighthouse) remains pristine. Says preservationist Hallman: "The solitude [here] always attracted me. I feel that I'm a part of history."

coalition opposing him has successfully lobbied surrounding town governments to join the fight. Meanwhile, letters protesting the threat to the island have poured into state offices from schoolchildren. But the matter is still far from settled.

ONE RECENT AFTERNOON, Hallman took me to Morris Island in a 23-foot fishing boat, *My Girl*. As a child growing up on nearby James Island, Hallman had explored the harbor's marshy islands and inlets in his own small catamaran. "The solitude of Morris Island always attracted me," he told me. "I feel there that I'm a small part of history."

We sailed along the waterfront, past rows of imposing residences, some new, some dating to the 1930s, then past the Battery at the tip of the peninsula, still spiky with antique cannon, and eventually out beyond the low, gray stone walls of Fort Sumter, now a national park. Finally Morris Island came into focus: a low shelf of sand speckled with scrub, marsh grass, palmettos and windblown pines.

Hallman ran the vessel close in to shore. I jumped onto the wet beach and dug one of the anchors into the sand while he heaved the other offshore. As we walked along the beach, Hallman told me that although the shoreline of Morris Island has shifted because of erosion, the beach's appearance remains close to what the opposing armies saw in 1863. Most of the area where fighting took place actually lies slightly offshore, making the site, curiously enough, possibly the only underwater infantry battlefield in North America—if not the world. "This is where we think Fort Wagner used to be," Hallman said, drawing an imaginary line with his hand from the surf to a low ridge of sand crowned by some spiky palmettos and clumps of yellow grass. "There are some who think one end of the wall is underneath that sand. There has never been any systematic excavation done here."

Hallman bent down and plucked from the sand a seashell-encrusted lump of iron, a fragment of a cannonball. "Sometimes, the sea uncovers a whole field of debris," he says. "Sometimes you can see lumps like this everywhere around you." Recently, Hallman discovered the distinctive oval embankments of a Yankee artillery emplacement, hidden in the jungle of vines and fallen trees that occupies most of the interior of the island. "People say there's nothing here. But they're wrong."

Some archaeologists worry that the island may never be excavated. "We believe there are cultural remains on the island, including the remains of Northern and Southern soldiers," the National Park Service's John Tucker, superintendent of the Fort Sumter National Monument, had told me. "Archaeology should have been done long ago." Tucker believes that in order to prevent future development, the ideal solution would be to place the island in protective ownership.

Walking along Morris Island, it was hard to believe that Charleston, a city of 100,000 people, lay barely 20 minutes away by boat. Cream-colored terns swooped overhead. Just offshore, the fin of a dolphin or shark sliced the water. Farther out, a freighter breasted the waves where the Yankee ironclads, the doomsday machines of their day, once hovered in flotillas, hammering Fort Wagner with shrapnel and grapeshot. The zigzagging trenches, the wire entanglements, the roar of cannon, the flags snapping in the breeze, the shouts and cries were long gone. The only sound was the rhythmic beat of the waves, like the inexorable tread of marching feet. "This island," said Hallman, "is hallowed ground."

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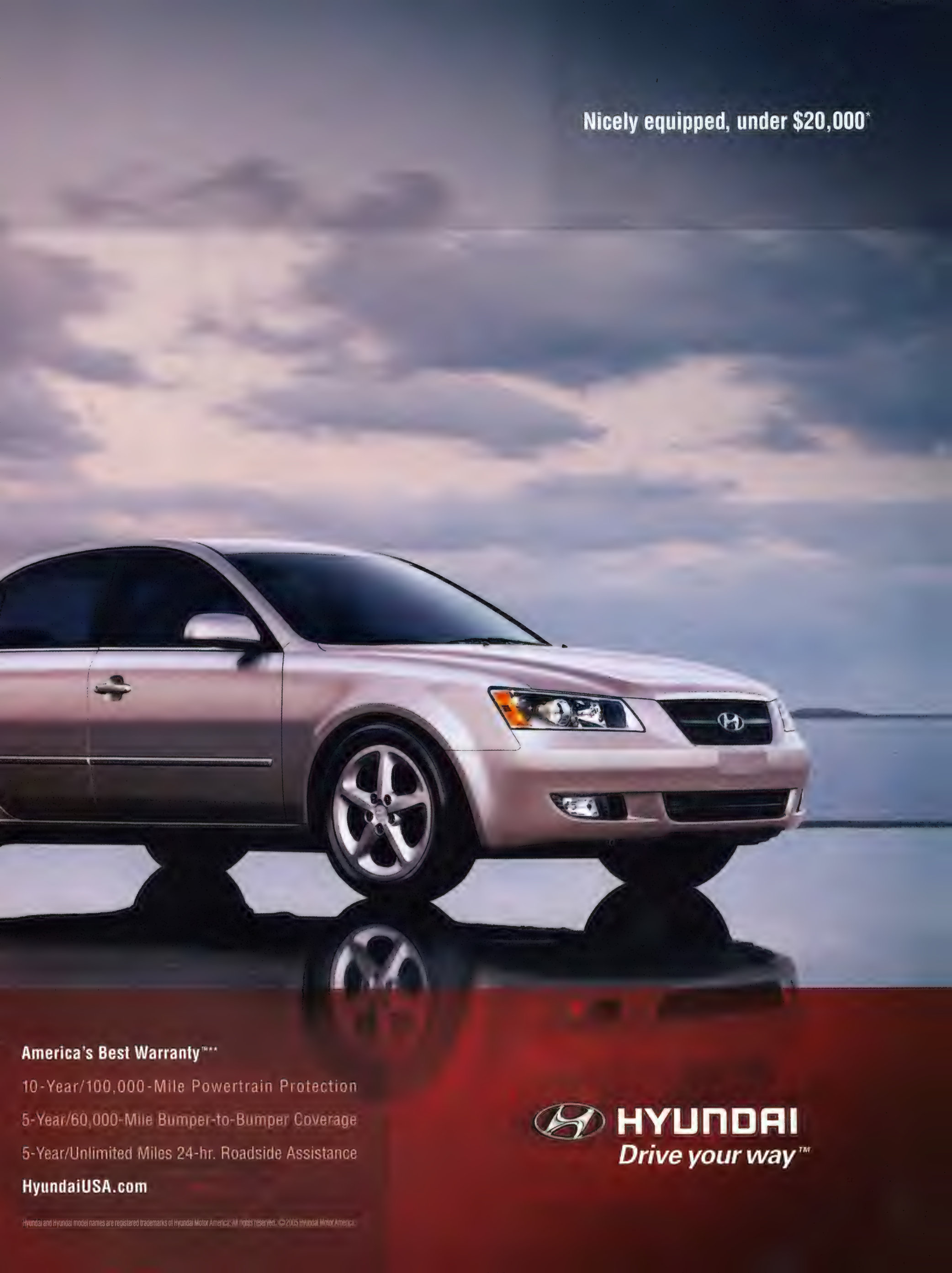

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Elephants once roamed throughout West Africa, but only a few isolated populations escaped ivory hunters and other threats. Mali's surviving herd of desert elephants, some 400 strong (migrating north after water holes in Burkina Faso dried up), has been "pushed to the edge of adaptability," says Vance Martin of The WILD Foundation.

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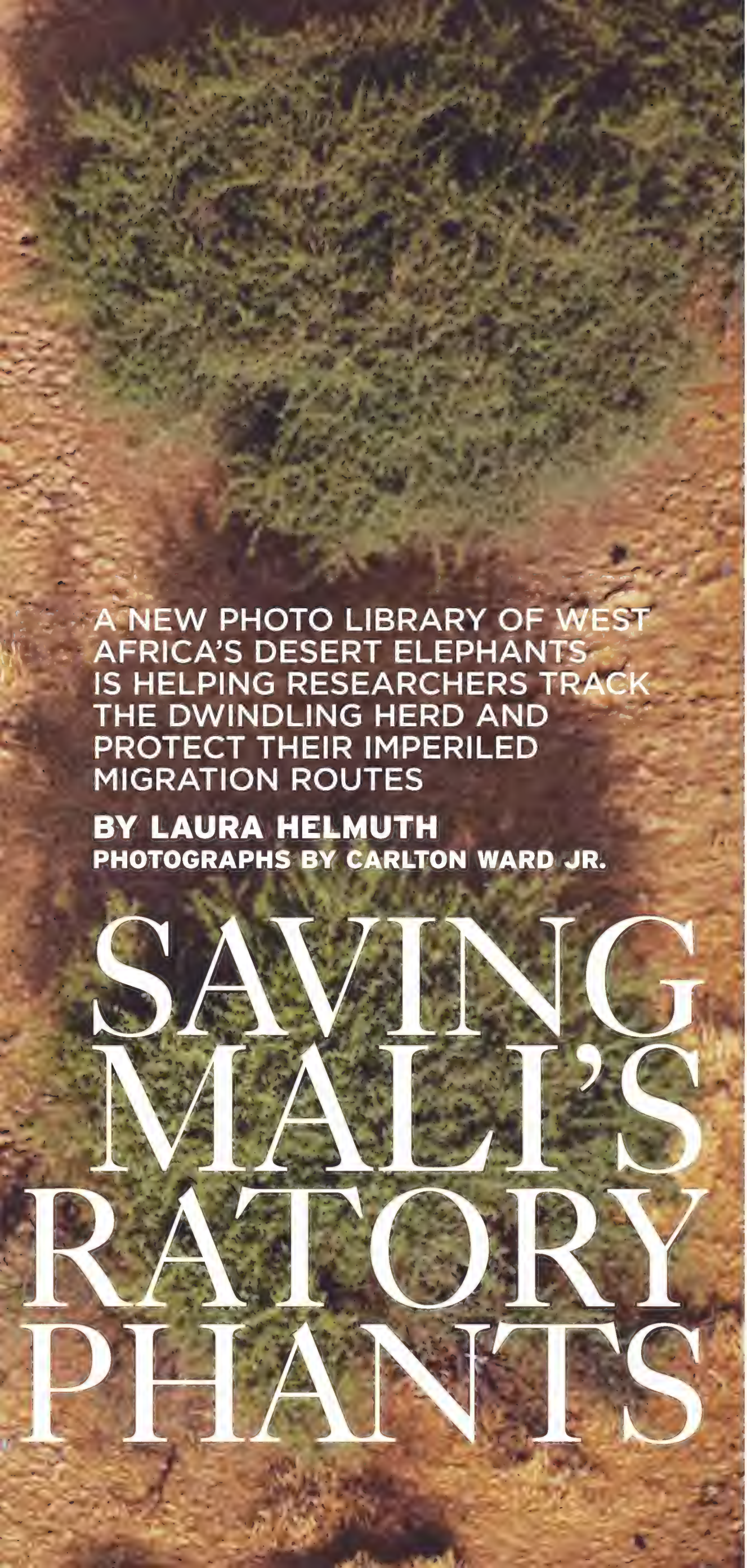

A NEW PHOTO LIBRARY OF WEST AFRICA'S DESERT ELEPHANTS IS HELPING RESEARCHERS TRACK THE DWINDLING HERD AND PROTECT THEIR IMPERILED MIGRATION ROUTES

BY LAURA HELMUTH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLTON WARD JR.

SAVING MALI'S NOMADIC ELEPHANTS

JUST SOUTH OF TOMBOUCTOU, where the sand dunes of the Sahara merge with a scattering of trees and shrubs, live the world's most peripatetic elephants. Mali's desert elephants migrate almost 300 miles in a year, as far as 35 miles in a day, all in pursuit of water. These elephants are "living on the edge, in the most extreme conditions," says biologist Iain Douglas-Hamilton, founder of Save the Elephants. "Their survival depends on making good decisions."

Their survival depends on human decisions too. The Tuareg nomads who share the elephants' territory "have a remarkable culture of toleration," Douglas-Hamilton says, and don't hunt the animals. As recently as 1970, several elephant populations lived in other parts of the Sahel, as the southern border of the Sahara is known. Poachers got most of them, and now only Mali's remain.

Douglas-Hamilton and other scientists and conservationists are tracking this small herd of nomadic elephants to see where and when they migrate. In 2000, researchers attached GPS collars to nine elephants; they later recovered three working units. The high-tech data (from animals dubbed Ahni, Elmehdi and Doppit Gromoppit) confirmed what some elephant-watchers had suspected for decades: the pachyderms follow a vast, counterclockwise route dotted with temporary and permanent watering holes. They linger at a lake on the northern edge of their range until the rains begin in June, then head south, eventually crossing briefly into northern Burkina Faso.

Nomadic animals are hard to protect—you can't build a fence around them and charge admission. But Vance Martin, president of The WILD Foundation, a nonprofit conservation organization, says there is "great political will in Mali to protect these animals and perhaps see them as a mobile national park." Malians have already demonstrated their affection: when a massive drought dried up the elephants' last remaining water source in 1983, the government (a constitutional democracy) trucked in water for the beasts.

The goal of ongoing tracking projects, Martin says, is to identify "choke

The elephant herd travels counterclockwise around its range, bypassing the central town of Hombori. The region is barely habitable for elephants (opposite, wallowing in the last mud of a water hole that dried up two days later) or humans. (Peulh herdspeople, in an encampment below, tolerate the animals.)

points"—corridors the elephants must traverse to complete their migration. The WILD Foundation, Save the Elephants and other organizations are providing recommendations to the World Bank for a $9 million project to protect Mali's natural resources. By documenting where the elephants roam, not just from water hole to water hole but in search of fodder and cover, people can avoid blocking their routes with permanent settlements.

It's not easy to study Mali's elephants. They're skittish. Unlike their kin in East Africa, which all but pose for photo-snapping tourists in Land Rovers, these elephants run from the sound of an engine. They hide in thorny acacia forests during the day, when the temperature routinely reaches 120 degrees Fahrenheit, emerging to drink from water holes in the cooler privacy of the night.

With patience and lots of memory cards for their digital cameras, however, elephant researchers have amassed enough photographs of the camera-shy animals to identify about 250 individuals. Freelance photographer Carlton Ward Jr. provided 3,000 pictures to the photo identification project; team members there have captured anoth-

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

During the heat of the day, West Africa's desert elephants (lumbering toward a lake through a sandstorm at twilight) tend to avoid the open desert. The animals wallow and drink at night and return to acacia forests before dawn, thus avoiding people.

ELEPHANTS' BELLOWS INCLUDE FREQUENCIES TOO LOW FOR US TO HEAR; THE SOUND CAN TRAVEL SIX MILES.

Mali's nature conservation department (above, representatives Elmehdi Doumbia, left, and Mohamed Ag Hamati) collaborates in identifying and tracking the elusive elephants. Footprints (below) and dung are often the only evidence of their route.

er 2,000 useful images. Researchers think there are at least 400 elephants in the group, based on photographs, aerial surveys and studies of dung deposits (the more dung, the logic goes, the more elephants; much of a wildlife biologist's work is somewhat less than glamorous).

Elephants may look alike to you and me, but the shapes of their ear flaps and their tusks set them apart. The heat-releasing ear flaps have distinctive folds and, over an elephant's 60-year life span, they often accumulate tears.

No one is sure why these desert elephants have such stubby tusks. The animals may suffer from a dietary deficiency, although they seem healthy and are reproducing successfully. More likely, in a not-so-natural version of natural selection, poachers killed more of the animals with large, showy tusks.

Elephant identification projects in other parts of Africa have allowed researchers to observe some fairly sophisticated social interactions. Female and young elephants cluster together in groups dominated by one matriarch; males tend to be loners. The older the matriarch, according to one study, the better a leader she is. She and her followers raise more young and are more likely to bunch up to protect the young when they hear an unfamiliar call.

Researchers are beginning to decipher elephant calls. Their bellows include frequencies well below the range of human hearing and can travel through air up to six miles. Elephants appear to hear even with their feet. Their rumbles create seismic waves in the ground, and elephants have been shown to freeze and look toward the source of a seismic wave 100 feet away.

Somehow elephants communicate with one another quite clearly. Last June, the first rains of the season finally freed Mali's elephants from the overgrazed lake where they had been trapped during the hottest, driest part of the year. Carlton Ward raced to the top of a nearby dune and saw more than 100 muddy elephants trudging south, to the next stop on their route, in a single file.

LAURA HELMUTH is a SMITHSONIAN senior editor; CARLTON WARD JR. is president of the Legacy Institute for Nature & Culture.

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SYRIA AT A CROSSROADS

Following a humbling retreat from Lebanon and increasingly at odds with the U.S., the proud Arab nation finds itself at a critical juncture

BY STEPHEN GLAIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE BROOKS

TO GET TO THE KAHWAJI FAMILY'S antiques shop in Old Damascus, start at the main corridor of Souk Al Hammadiya, one of the Arab world's oldest markets. Head north along its cobblestone thoroughfares past shops and stalls filled with textiles, rugs, soaps, jewelry, clothes and a galaxy of spices. The souk's arched, corrugated-steel roof is perforated by time and the elements, so on a clear day its warrens and byways are riddled with slender beams of light.

At the northernmost exit is the Umayyad Mosque, one of the holiest sites of Islam and a gem of eighth-century architecture. To the right, up a flight of stairs (beware the low ceiling), is the Old Bazaar for Damascus Crafts. The shop offers a vast assortment of items, from wedding chests to brass pepper-grinders. Its 29-year-old manager, Samer Kahwaji, is an ambassador of sorts for Syria's glorious past as well as an advocate for greater freedoms today. "When that mosque was built," Kahwaji told me, "Syria was bigger in every way. As a nation, as a regional power, as a market."

With Islamic fundamentalism rising and the regime pressured to democratize, Syrians (the 1,290-year-old Umayyad Mosque and a disco, both in Damascus) face an uncertain future. Some predict government collapse and a move toward openness; others, a crackdown.

From the shop's veranda you can sip tea and take in the mosque's abundant dome, delicate minarets and crenelated walls. It was built by the Umayyad caliph Khaled Ibn al-Walid in A.D. 715, a half-century after an army of Arab Muslims swept north from the Arabian peninsula to conquer the then Byzantine-controlled Levant, the lands bordering the eastern Mediterranean. From Damascus, the conquering Arabs would establish the largest empire the world had yet known. The mosque was built on the site of a Roman temple, which later became a church, and it still houses the tomb of St. John the Baptist. It's also a monument to a nostalgic yearning among Syrians for the age of Bilad al-Cham, or Blessed Lands, when Syria included in its dominion what we know today as Lebanon, parts of western Iraq, Jordan, the Palestinian territories and Israel. The contrast between the "Greater" Syria of old and its modern equivalent, a stately ruin inhabited by a proud and capable people under an enigmatic dictator, could hardly be more profound.

Syria is well into a fateful period in its modern history. The economy is stagnating even as the population (now at 18.4 million) is expanding rapidly. Petroleum, long the leading resource, is being depleted at such a rate that Syria will be a net importer of oil in only a few years. And when oil income dwindles, so, too, may the government subsidies—for items and services such as flour, cooking oil and transportation—with which the regime has curried public favor. "What happens when their main source of subsidies goes?" a World Bank official says. "Economically, this is Eastern Europe just before the Wall fell."

Then there is the confrontation with the United States, which has long criticized Syria's repressive regime and maintained that it supports terrorism, partly because of ties to militant Islamic groups like Hezbollah; from the 1970s until May 2000, Hezbollah waged a vicious and ultimately successful guerrilla war against the Israeli occupation of Lebanon, and Damascus and the Jewish state remain locked in a dispute over territories around the borders of Israel, Lebanon and Syria. After the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq, which Syria opposed, it was widely speculated that Syria would be next on President Bush's list for regime change, though Syria has reportedly aided the United States' pursuit of Al Qaeda suspects. And after the assassination in February of Lebanon's ex-prime minister Rafik Hariri, the United States recalled its ambassador to Syria in protest. (Damascus is believed to have ordered the killing—except among Syrians, who tend to suspect Israel, the United States, or both.) In May, Bush renewed economic sanctions against Syria.

For his part, President Bashar al-Assad has shown no in-

KATE BROOKS / POLARIS

"Syria is a different country than before," Samer Kahwaji (at his family's shop in Old Damascus) says of the government's recent moves to promote business and tolerate dissent.

"It took us 50 years to get used to the [redrawn borders]," doctoral student Ammar al-Summer says of the much smaller nation that European powers created after World War I.

clination to accommodate the Bush administration, thanks partly to Hezbollah's popularity in the Arab world as a strategic counterweight to Israel. Still, the Assad government is thought to have been weakened by its April withdrawal of troops and security forces from Lebanon, and Syrian officials were expected to unveil plans for political and economic reforms at a ruling party congress in June. Meanwhile, Damascus blames Washington for abandoning what little cooperation the two sides had with each other. Syria's ambassador to the United States, Imad Moustapha, told me in May that "for one reason or another, there is no longer engagement between us and the Americans."

It is an authentic Oriental scene, this view from the veranda of Kahwaji's shop, though updated by his Nokia cellphone/personal organizer, which he pokes relentlessly with a stylus as he talks. Flanked by antique lanterns and tribal rugs hanging from the walls, Kahwaji says the future looks promising. He tells me that President Assad, an ophthalmologist by training, is popular in Syria and that the country is stable despite the seismic events in the region. "Syria is a different country than before," he says. "It's time to start talking." Just talking openly—and to a journalist—is a measure of dramatic change in a country with a history of oppression and severe human rights abuses. (There undoubtedly remain large segments of the population fearful of speaking freely.)

When I first met Kahwaji, in 1999, early into a three-year assignment as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Middle East correspondent, he was extraordinarily candid about Syria's condition. "We hate it here," he said. He then ran through the grievances that Syrian merchants commonly express, from excessively high import taxes to the layers of state officials angling for bribes. But he would not then speak on the record. Today Kahwaji hopes to expand his father's trading firm, and unlike many young Syrians with his education and skills—he has a master's degree in business and speaks French and Italian in addition to Arabic and English—he has no intention of fleeing the country. "This is my home," he says. "My father built this business from nothing. How can I leave?"

JUST IN THE PAST YEAR OR SO, Syria has undergone some liberalization. Dissidents are increasingly vocal, and independent media outlets have proliferated. The Syrian banking sector, which was nationalized beginning in the late 1950s, has been restructured, and private banks have been doing business for more than a year. Syrians are now allowed to hold foreign currency, a move the government hopes will gradually drain the huge black-market economy. The country's tourist sector is beginning to evolve, as investors—both domestic and foreign—convert ancient villas in the old quarters of Damascus and Aleppo into fancy hotels. The newer districts of Damascus are beginning to resemble Beirut for their swank cafés and boutiques.

In a country rich in paradox, Syrians will condemn their government and praise its leader in the same breath. In fact, the most charitable assessment of the 39-year-old Bashar al-

STEPHEN GLAIN is the author of Mullahs, Merchants, and Militants: The Economic Collapse of the Arab World. *Polaris Images photographer* KATE BROOKS *is based in Beirut, Lebanon.*

STEPHEN GLAIN; MIKE REAGAN

Assad is that he is the Syrian everyman's fellow inmate. Despite recent reforms, Syria today remains a garrisoned state. Assad has released several hundred political prisoners, but human rights organizations estimate that thousands more remain in Syrian jails, and there have been many reports of systematic torture. Bashar inherited the presidency five years ago following the death of his father, the autocratic, ex-fighter pilot Hafez al-Assad—an odd transition in a country that presumes itself a republic—and he has kept intact a state-security arm that can strike without notice. A hideously corrupt oligarchy controls an economy whose excesses are driving a wedge between a minority of haves and a ballooning majority of have-nots. Muslim fundamentalism, if not Islamic militancy, is on the rise in part because of the government's inability to provide competent, secular leadership. The only way Syrians can reconcile a positive image of Assad with the reality of the state's myriad failures is to associate his plight with their own. "Bashar is constrained by the old guard," Kahwaji says, voicing a common refrain. "He signs edicts, but they are ignored. He promotes reform and is quietly challenged. But the people are with him."

Has Syria's pullout from Lebanon after three decades loosened the Assad regime's iron grip? (A Syrian soldier with a poster of President Assad departs Lebanon in April.)

Earlier this year Kahwaji agreed to organize Syria's first conference for the country's independent press—largely trade journals for doctors, lawyers, engineers and other professionals. "They don't talk about politics, but they do talk about the need for administrative reform," Kahwaji says, his eyes brightening. "And once you have that, you've got people openly criticizing government policy."

If Syria's present appears complex, consider the burden of its past. Syrians are custodians of, and the last believers in, Arab unity, and as such they cling to the mantle of Arab leadership. It is a pretense that dates back to the dawn of the last century, when Arab nationalist movements began to resist the region's then-imperial overlords, the Ottoman Turks. During World War I, Arab intellectuals, politicians and tribal leaders allied with Britain and France against Turkey, Germany's ally. When the war ended and the Ottoman Empire collapsed, the Western powers reneged on agreements to allow the Arabs to establish a single nation, presumably stretching from the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula to what is now northern Syria, and from Egypt to Iraq's frontier with Iran. Instead, Paris and London partitioned the Levant into their own corridors of influence—a plan hatched well before the war's end. The result was the modern Middle East. It comprised the newly created Lebanon and Syria, administered by France, and British-controlled Iraq, Transjordan and Palestine.

The redrawing of borders and the disruption of the ancient trade links that underpinned the economy dealt the region a concussive blow. The occupation by foreigners of the vibrant trading hubs of Aleppo, Damascus, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, Amman and Gaza fueled resentment and a sense of betrayal that still lingers, in Syria as much as anywhere else. It was Syrian intellectuals and activists who most vigorously promoted the idea of a transcendent Arab identity, a nation of mind and spirit, impervious to monarchists, imperialists, Zionists and radical Islamic groups. Gamal Abdel Nasser, the Egyptian leader who came closest to realizing the dream of a pan-Arab state, once called Syria "the beating heart of Arab nationalism." The dream was extinguished generations ago. Nasser died trying to subdue fratricidal Arab strife in 1970, three years after Israel entrenched itself during the Six Day War. Only in the minds of Syrians does Arab unity linger still.

AMMAR AL-SUMMER is a 40-something history student at Damascus University, who is researching his doctoral thesis at Syria's historical archives. His office walls are spare but for a collection of pro-Palestinian pamphlets and propaganda materials. "Within the Ottoman Empire," Summer says of the pre-partitioned Middle East, "people were at least free to travel. But when these borders were drawn, suddenly those on the Syrian side could not go to Baghdad and those on the Iraqi side could not go to Damascus. It took us 50 years to get used to the [redrawn borders]."

I met Summer just as Syria was preparing—under stiff international pressure—to withdraw from Lebanon. The violent anti-Syrian backlash among Lebanese that followed Hariri's assassination came as a rude jolt to Syrians, who had long regarded their neighbors as meek beneficiaries of the partition. Until the rise of Arab socialism in the mid-1950s, Damascus was a regional financial center with a sophisticated banking system, and Lebanon a sleepy coastal strip of Greater Syria. But when the Syrian government nationalized the banks, the nation's financial expertise migrated to

"Bashar is constrained by the old guard. He signs edicts, but they are ignored. He promotes reform and is challenged."

GHAITH ABDUL-AHAD / GETTY IMAGES

Lebanon's freewheeling capital. Beirut grew into a world-class banking center while Damascus, the soul of Arab culture and consciousness, became a state-run backwater.

The Syrian occupation of Lebanon, which began soon after civil war erupted in Beirut in 1975, was at first a peacekeeping operation. Syrian forces stayed on after the war ended in 1990, however, and Lebanon began to chafe at Damascus' increasingly heavy-handed and corrupt authority. Syrian companies were favored in Lebanese projects, and Syrian security agents were given shares in Lebanese companies. Many politicians and dissidents who, like Hariri, dared to challenge Syrian control were cut down or forced into exile.

In response to the anti-Syrian vitriol in Lebanon that followed Hariri's killing—visiting Syrians were spat upon and Syrian guest workers attacked—angry Syrian merchants withdrew a sizable share of their deposits in Lebanese banks. For Syrians like Summer, the Lebanese reaction was a slap in the face by ungrateful libertine provincials and a rebuke to the rich heritage of Greater Syria, which of course once included Lebanon. "The Lebanese hate us because of the corruption and brutality of the occupation," Summer acknowledges.

Gadfly Ammar Abdulhamid (in Damascus), who says he lives at the regime's "whim," once compared President Assad to the weakest Corleone brother in the *Godfather* movies.

"THE SCENES FROM LEBANON were distressing," says Abdul-Salam Haykal, an entrepreneur and founder of what he describes as "an outspoken" economic monthly journal. "Most Syrians are not used to this. They perceived it, unfairly, I believe, as a personal attack." He is relaxing at his family's farm on the outskirts of Damascus; it is a cool afternoon in early spring, and he is enjoying a water pipe with political analyst Sami Moubayed and management consultant Basel Nasri. The three young men have just consumed a lunch of traditional Syrian fare—hummus, chicken kebab, lamb kibbe, tabbouleh and flatbread—and the conversation, carried out between curt but frequent cellphone exchanges, is as pungent as the smoke weaving up from their colorful glass hookahs.

Attempts to disarm Hezbollah could lead to another civil war, says Moubayed, who has just written a column about Hezbollah leader Hasan Nasrullah for the *Asia Times*.

America's economy is in trouble because of its trade and budget deficits, Nasri declares.

The Syrian-Lebanese relationship is symbiotic, and Beirut should take care not to abuse it, asserts Haykal, who has written a treatise on Syrian banking reform.

All three reject the widely held notion that Syria's withdrawal from Lebanon will hasten the end of the Assad regime. "If Syria does achieve Bashar's vision [of economic reform], we will not need Lebanon as much as Lebanon needs us," says Haykal.

The previous experiment with reform didn't last long. Activists were arrested, and hopes for a Damascus spring were crushed. Now the green shoots are back.

With fealty to the family, a trader in the Al Hammadiya souk in Damascus displays a picture of Hafez al-Assad, ruler for 29 years until his son took over in 2000.

The men belong to the Syrian Young Entrepreneurs Association (SYEA), which they launched after winning the endorsement of Asma al-Assad, Syria's British-born first lady and a former JP Morgan economist. In a country without independent political parties, high-profile groups like SYEA are a relatively safe and compelling vehicle for venturing opposition to government policy and supporting reform efforts. Association members support what they believe are Assad's ambitions to modernize the Syrian economy, so it no longer has to rely on its neighbors, particularly Lebanon, to keep it afloat. They praise the new, more liberal, banking laws, which eventually will allow for a stock exchange. But they acknowledge it will take time. Even if Syrians could be persuaded to deposit their black-market wealth into the new private banks—where it would be taxed by the state—the country lacks the basic financial resources, such as qualified lending officers, to effectively use those funds to advance economic self-reliance.

"I am in a struggle here with fundamentalists," says Sheik Ahmad Hassoun (in Aleppo), a moderate who has opposed efforts to transform Syria into an Islamic state.

The regime's previous experiment with political reform didn't last long. Just over a year after he assumed office, in July 2000, the president hinted in a television interview that criticism of the government was getting out of hand. Within days, dozens of activists were arrested, and hopes for a Damascus spring were crushed.

Now the green shoots are back, nudging their way through softened terrain. Ammar Abdulhamid is founder and general coordinator of the Tharwa Project, a nongovernmental organization (NGO) that works to increase awareness of the living conditions and aspirations of religious and ethnic minorities throughout the Arab world. He is also a thorn in the Syrian government's side, having written columns harshly critical of Assad for Beirut's *Daily Star* newspaper. Abdulhamid, who is in his 30s, once compared the president to Fredo Corleone, the youngest and weakest of the brothers in Mario Puzo's *Godfather*. (The *Godfather* films are hugely popular in Syria; I have met young Syrians who can recite Michael Corleone's best lines with unsettling conviction.) Unlike most NGOs in Syria, Tharwa is not registered with the state and is operating extralegally. Abdulhamid has said he wants to see Syria's blue-collar workers unionize—an activity that could result in his detention, if not arrest. "I have been under a travel ban," he says. "They could conjure up a number of things against me. I live at their whim." Abdulhamid studied astronomy and history in the United States, then dropped out of college to preach his own brand of Islamic fundamentalism from a mosque in Los Angeles. Disenchanted with orthodox Islam after religious leaders issued a *fatwa* against the British writer Salman Rushdie in 1989 for his allegedly heretical writings, Abdulhamid finished college and then returned to his native Syria. He now writes novels and poetry.

But he remains an iconoclast. "Here, I am a Westernized liberal in a place where even liberals are anti-American," he says, referring to widespread opposition to U.S. Middle East policy, especially the invasion of Iraq. "No one will admit things are softening up thanks to pressure from the United States. People speak of the pan-Arab dream, but the reality is we are not united and we are cut off from the West."

Abdulhamid is pessimistic. "Bashar is an autocrat by predisposition," he says. "Reform is not something his regime takes seriously." Then why does the president tolerate criticism from an increasingly bold set of detractors? Abdulhamid frowns. "This is an autocratic regime that just happens to be in a benign phase."

Just as political activists tread a fine line in Syria, so do moderate religious leaders in the increasingly evangelical nation. In the early 1980s, Assad's father ruthlessly put down the Muslim Brotherhood, an international militant group advocating Islamic law, resulting in the deaths of thousands of innocent people and the devastation of parts of Hama, a city of 270,000 in central Syria. Since then, fundamentalist groups have kept a low profile, but that has not prevented them from gaining popularity. Militant and extremist groups such as Hezbollah, in Lebanon, Hamas, in the Palestinian territories, and the Muslim Brotherhood, in Egypt, have established themselves as alternatives to corrupt secular administrations. Rising fundamentalism is as much a concern to Damascus as to any regime in the region. A former U.S. ambassador to Syria told me that the Syrian government has even infiltrated its own army officer corps with intelligence agents because of fears that Islamist extremists have penetrated the military.

Like his fellow despots in the region, it seems that the younger Assad would rather compromise with Islamic fundamentalists than arrest them. Raiding a town hall or an NGO office is one thing; storming and occupying a mosque, quite another. And that makes the Grand Mufti of Aleppo, the supreme religious authority in Syria's second-largest city, one of the country's most influential and controversial figures. He must promote and protect state secularism, yet he must also keep his distance from Damascus, lest he be perceived as a stooge of the regime. As Syrian balancing acts go, this may be the most challenging, and few religious leaders have proved as accomplished at it as Sheik Ahmad Hassoun.

STEPHEN GLAIN

Unlike some other Arab nations, Syria has a large female workforce. Some 70 percent of workers at the reform-minded Ministry of Finance (staffer Basmeh Hafez) are women.

Until recently, Sheik Hassoun was thought to be on the shortlist of clerics to become the Grand Mufti of Damascus, the most senior religious figure in Syria. But when I asked him about this, he shook his head. "I am in a struggle here with fundamentalists," he told me.

We were seated in the reception room of the sheik's Aleppo home, a modest dwelling generously stocked with religious tomes and elaborately embellished copies of the Koran. He had injured his back a month earlier and was hobbling about on a cane. He was, as usual, dressed in spare but elegant gray vestments and a striking white turban.

I asked how the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq and its policy of spreading democracy in the Arab world had affected Syria. "The United States will lose not only Iraq but the Islamic world with its current policy," he said. "This is because its government is standing with [Israeli prime minister Ariel] Sharon. Take Hezbollah. The Americans and Israel call this an extremist organization, but I know Hasan Nasrullah [the head of Hezbollah]. He is not an extremist. If anything, he is a bulkhead against extremists in his own party. Remember, when Hezbollah kicked Israel out of southern Lebanon, Nasrullah saved many churches there and prevented reprisal attacks against those who fought on the Israel side. This is extremism?"

The day after I spoke with Hassoun was Friday, the Muslim Sabbath, and the sheik delivered the sermon at Aleppo's main mosque. His preferred tactic when dealing with orthodox calls for *sharia*, or Islamic law, is a frontal assault, and on this day he issued an impassioned plea for ecumenical modernity, referring frequently to Jesus Christ, a revered prophet in nearly all Islamic sects, as a model for good Muslims. "Know the real religion!" the sheik thundered to a congregation of nearly 4,000 worshipers. "Neither Mohammed nor Jesus would tolerate extremism. I ask [local fundamentalist groups] to recite pure Koranic verses and they cannot provide them. And they are preaching to you?" The show was videotaped for distribution on Arab satellite-news networks. In Syria as elsewhere, the culture wars have taken to the airwaves, and Sheik Hassoun had just delivered a blow for the moderate side.

Syria, a senior Western diplomat told me in Damascus, is playing poker when everyone else is playing chess. It is an apt characterization of a regime that is too insular and backward-looking to realize it is waging a war abandoned long ago by its

How will the invasion of Iraq affect Syria? "The United States will lose not only Iraq but the Islamic world with its policy."

allies as well as its antagonists. With the rest of the region scrambling to keep up with change, Damascus is stuck in its slipstream, peddling the remains of the pan-Arab dream.

THE WAR IN IRAQ HAS heightened tensions between Syria and the United States, with the Bush administration accusing Syria of not doing enough to stop Arab fighters from crossing its border to join the insurgency in Iraq. For the moment, Bashar al-Assad appears safe from direct U.S. intervention, but his own maneuvering—commitments to change that inevitably fall short of the overhaul that many say the country so desperately needs—is wearing thin. Syrians are ready for democracy and expect steps to be taken in that direction. While Assad cultivates the various power centers in his midst—security forces, the army, oligarchs, clerics—the legions of young Syrians who have indulged him with loyalty and goodwill may soon lose patience. Fundamentalists, meanwhile, are eager for a void to fill.

Basmeh Hafez, the German-educated head of the finance ministry's banking and insurance division, wears a head scarf that nicely complements her Western garb. For 18 years she worked at the state-owned Commercial Bank of Syria, which until recently was the country's monopoly lender and is now part of the economic reform effort. "I came here on a contractual basis," Hafez says. "And I stayed because here I am able to start up new products, to make a difference modernizing the Syrian economy."

Among other things, Hafez and her staff are working to establish a bank clearing center, a database for risk management, a center for processing international credit card transactions, and a surveillance and security team to counter a recent startling increase in the number of bank robberies—all on a lean budget and with precious little help from the West.

Yet Hafez, too, is optimistic about Syria's future. Like my merchant friend Samer Kahwaji, she occupies a distinct and potentially pivotal place in Syrian society. Both are serious-minded members of a cosmopolitan elite. Unlike the Syrian exile groups vying for the attention of President Bush and urging the ouster of the Assad regime, they enjoy the credibility that comes only to those who work from within. They are active in the kind of nongovernmental organizations that can serve as the building blocks of civil society. They are, in short, the closest thing Damascus has to a new generation who could help Syria leverage its history and culture to restore the spirit, but not the geography, of Greater Syria. The only question is whether they will do it with Bashar al-Assad or without him.

Although Assad has freed hundreds of political prisoners, rights groups say thousands remain in Syrian jails (women in Damascus in April demand release of their imprisoned sons).

GHAITH ABDUL-AHAD / GETTY IMAGES

SMITHSONIAN's second annual photo contest generates more than 30,000 entries

THROUGH OUR READERS' EYES

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS are happy accidents, others the painstaking result of careful planning and even years of practice. Some are intimate portraits, some sweeping landscapes. But each successful photograph is a personal take on the world. As you'll see in these eight pages, the range of subjects that caught our readers' eyes is almost as varied as the photographers themselves.

When SMITHSONIAN held its first-ever amateur photo contest last year, the more than 12,000 entries convinced us we were on to something. This year's response is even more exciting. Right before the contest deadline—New Year's Eve—our Web site was logging up to 26 submissions per minute. All in all, we received more than 30,000 photographs, from all 50 U.S. states and 92 countries—California to Kyrgyzstan, New York to New Zealand.

From this wealth of images, our editors chose 50 finalists and 100 runners-up in five categories: The Natural World, Travel, Culture and the Arts, People, and Americana. (It wasn't easy!) The finalists are teachers, students, lawyers, retirees, engineers and actors, ages 19 to 85. Most are passionate about photography. Their work, along with that of the runners-up, can be seen on our Web site, www.smithsonianmag.com. And the 50 finalists' photographs are on display through September 5 in a special exhibit at the National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C. In September we'll publish submission instructions and the complete rules for our *next* contest. Well done, everybody!

GRAND PRIZE WINNER, THE NATURAL WORLD

HOWARD MAIZE, 54
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHED SEPTEMBER 2002, MAUI, HAWAII

After a daylong drive through Maui, Maize and his wife, Kim, were pulling into a hotel parking space when he discovered the head of a green anole lizard "peeking around the edge of a leaf. I shot about three, four pictures, but [this] one was my favorite."

WINNER, TRAVEL

JANE LINDERS, 48
MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MISSOURI

PHOTOGRAPHED SEPTEMBER 2003, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"I was bored waiting for a bus on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, so I started taking photos of people sitting on the benches. When the bus came, the benches emptied out and I noticed the beautiful curve and color of the bench and concrete. I missed the bus because I couldn't stop taking photos."

WINNER, PEOPLE

JOSHUA DUDLEY GREER, 25
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

PHOTOGRAPHED AUGUST 2004, ARCO, IDAHO

"I really needed a haircut, so I stepped into Benny White's Arco Barber Shop. I sat down in that old, red chair and received one of the most attentive and quality haircuts of my life. Afterward I thanked White and asked him if he wouldn't mind me taking his portrait."

WINNER, AMERICANA

MARTY ZWICK, 50
SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHED FEBRUARY 2004, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Says Zwick, an architect, of Northern California's Black Point Bridge: "It reflects a slower pace of life that is quickly being lost in the area where I live." Built in 1911 by the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, the bridge straddles the Petaluma River, the dividing line between Sonoma and Marin counties.

FINALIST, PEOPLE

MIGUEL DE CASENAVE, 39
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHED SEPTEMBER 2003, BINH LU, VIETNAM

Casenave had been touring Vietnam for a month when he ventured alone into the country's northern mountains: "After some hours, I found this girl with her baby daughter. Her face and the landscape made this photo one of my most cherished memories of the trip."

FINALIST, TRAVEL

JEFF GOODWIN, 56
YARDLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

PHOTOGRAPHED JULY 2004, SIEM REAP, CAMBODIA

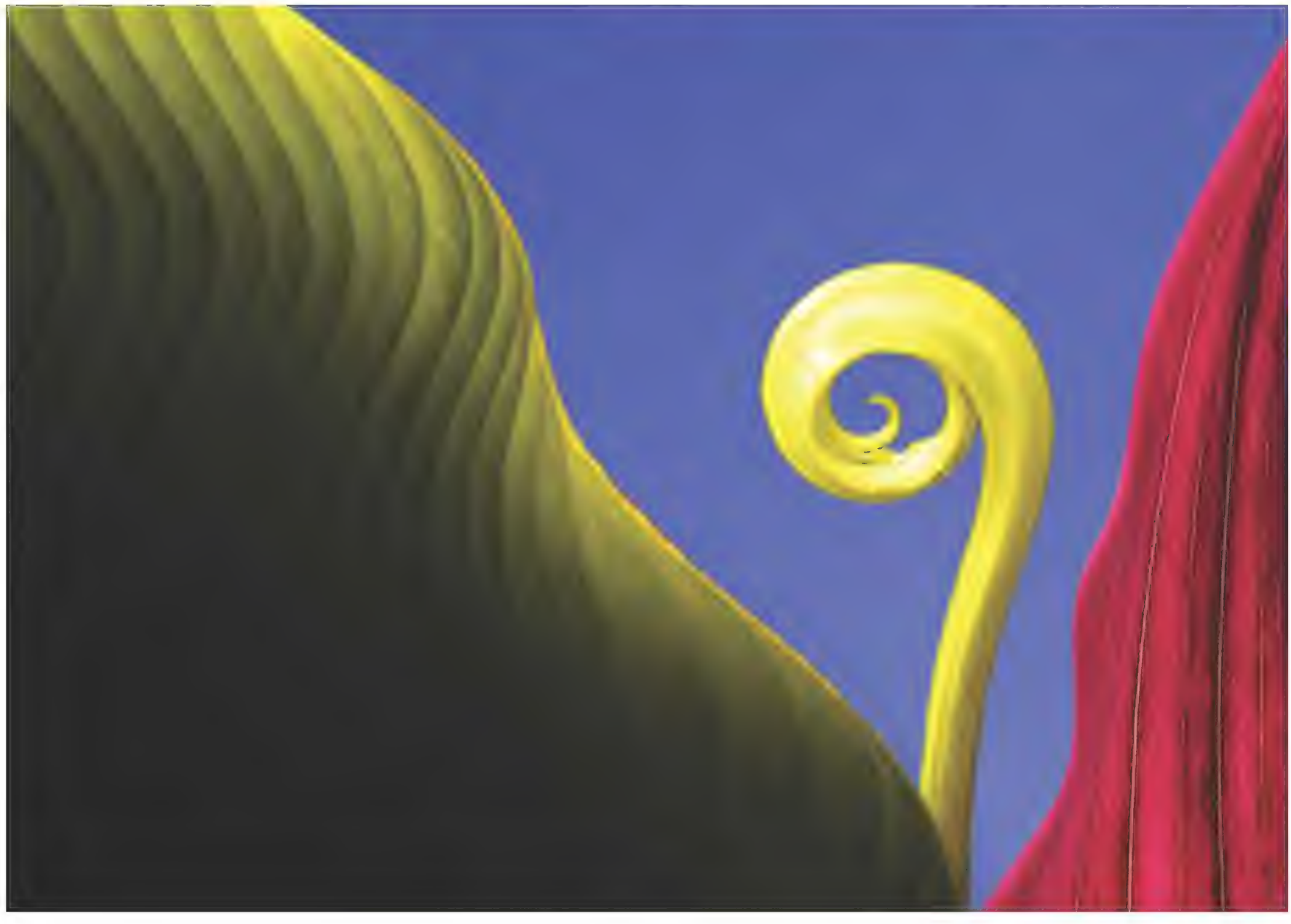
During a visit to Cambodia's Angkor Wat, Goodwin saw the bullet holes from the country's civil wars above where "two young monks [were] talking and laughing quietly. The peacefulness of their expressions in the middle of an 850-year-old temple made time irrelevant."

WINNER, THE NATURAL WORLD

SAMUEL DE LEON, 45
QUEZON CITY, PHILIPPINES

PHOTOGRAPHED FEBRUARY 2003, MANILA, PHILIPPINES

Says De Leon, a graphic artist for Manila's NET 25 television: "I have been shooting plants in the [office] garden for years, and then I found this combination, which closely resembles the colors and form of our national flag."



FINALIST, PEOPLE

AMITAI SCHWARTZ, 58
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHED FEBRUARY 2003, TANZANIA

While perusing wares sold at a small village outside Tanzania's Ngorongoro Crater, Schwartz "found this hand . . . holding a native cloth. To me, the hand is more than the creator of wares and trinkets. It offers a simple but memorable image of anticipation and strength."

FINALIST, AMERICANA

JUDY HELDERMAN, 67
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

PHOTOGRAPHED SEPTEMBER 2002, BEND, OREGON

It was just before sunset on a large ranch in Oregon. "As soon as I tripped the shutter," recounts Helderman, "I placed a large plastic garbage bag over myself and my equipment to protect us both from a total dust bath—we did receive a partial."

FINALIST, AMERICANA

DUKE BEATTIE, 58
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHED OCTOBER 2004, PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

"I'm not sure why I'm attracted to this house," says Beattie of the weathered building nestled in the rolling hills of southeast Washington. "Every time I pass by, it looks slightly different," especially "in various seasons and times of day. I've been told that at one time it was a stage stop."

FINALIST, THE NATURAL WORLD

JEREMY POWITZ, 19
SHIRLEY, NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHED NOVEMBER 2003, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Says Powitz of a family outing to Planting Fields Arboretum State Historic Park: "I was able to hold my brother back from climbing just long enough to take this photograph. The leaves, untouched by the wind, did not stay undisturbed for long."

FINALIST, TRAVEL

STEVE ESTES, 48
LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHED JULY 2004, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

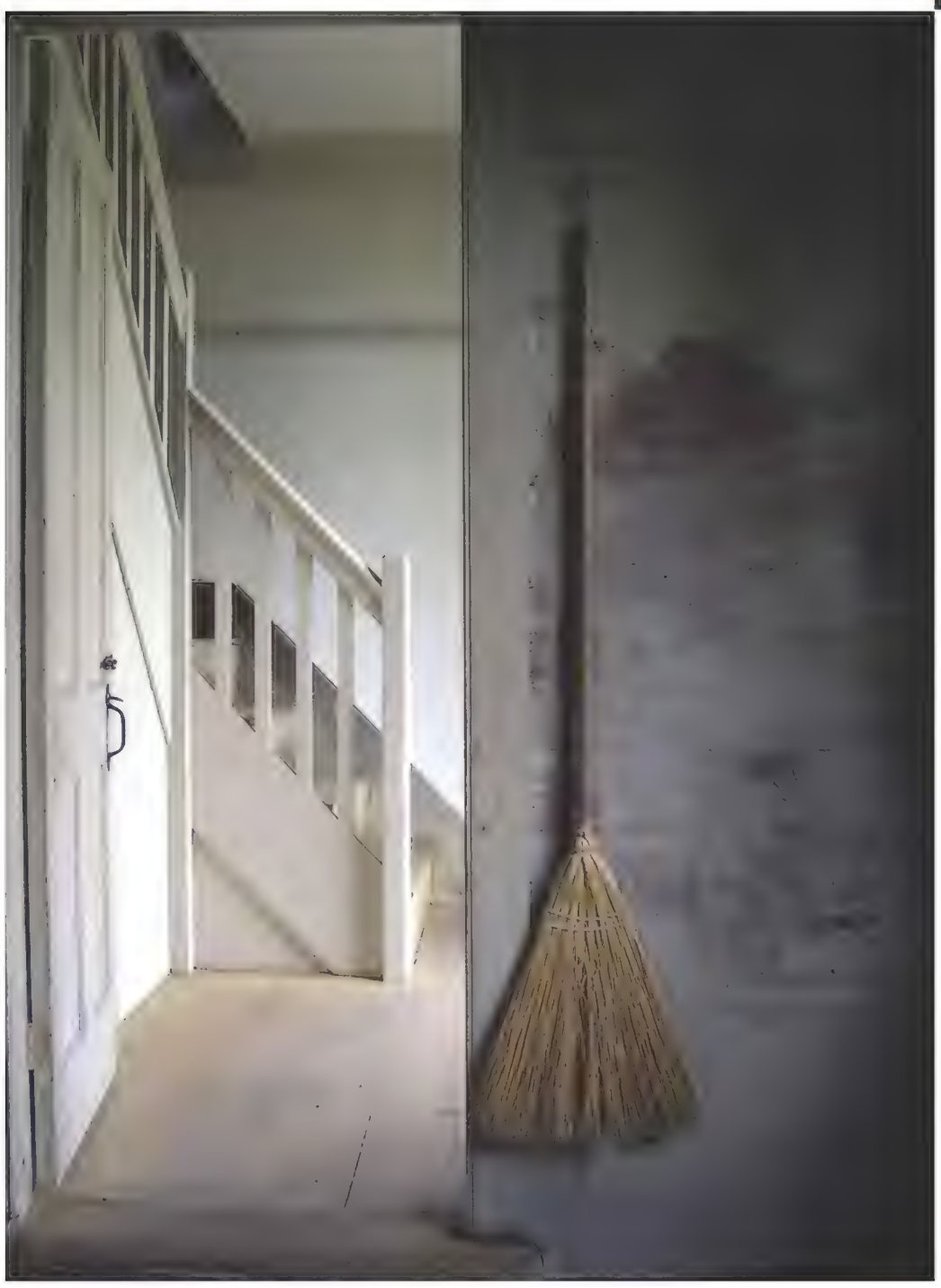
"My wife and I were on our second paddling trip since purchasing our new kayaks," says Estes. She "brought the scene and the idea of a bow shot to my attention. I instantly recognized what her eyes had framed, and snapped."

FINALIST, CULTURE AND THE ARTS

MICHAEL GIAMELLARO, 30
BOULDER, COLORADO

PHOTOGRAPHED MAY 2004, GIRONA, SPAIN

"It was really a photo that composed itself," says Giamellaro. "I liked the flowers being over the umbrellas and the water underneath. There was a festival throughout the medieval area" of Girona. "It was a wonderful way to bring new life into a historic and beautiful city."



FINALIST, AMERICANA

DEBORAH TACY, 52
ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE 2004, PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The flat broom (an example hanging in the Laundry and Machine Shop at Massachusetts' Hancock Shaker Village) represents the Shakers' "need for cleanliness and order," says Tacy, and evokes "a sense of tranquillity and calm lacking in the world today."

FINALIST, THE NATURAL WORLD

JAMIE DAVENPORT, 23
POULSBO, WASHINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE 2004, ANDALUCIA, SPAIN

One weekend last summer, Davenport hopped in a rental car with friends "to explore southern Spain. Once we got out of [Seville], I was amazed by the endless fields of sunflowers that seemed to surround the two-lane highway."

FINALIST, PEOPLE

RUSTY WEBB, 32
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE 2004,
OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

Webb asked his son, Isaiah, to "let me take a picture of him standing as 'still as a statue,' but that seemed somewhat boring," so Webb asked his nephew, Hunter, to run by as fast as he could. "They were great sports letting me take picture after picture of them."

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

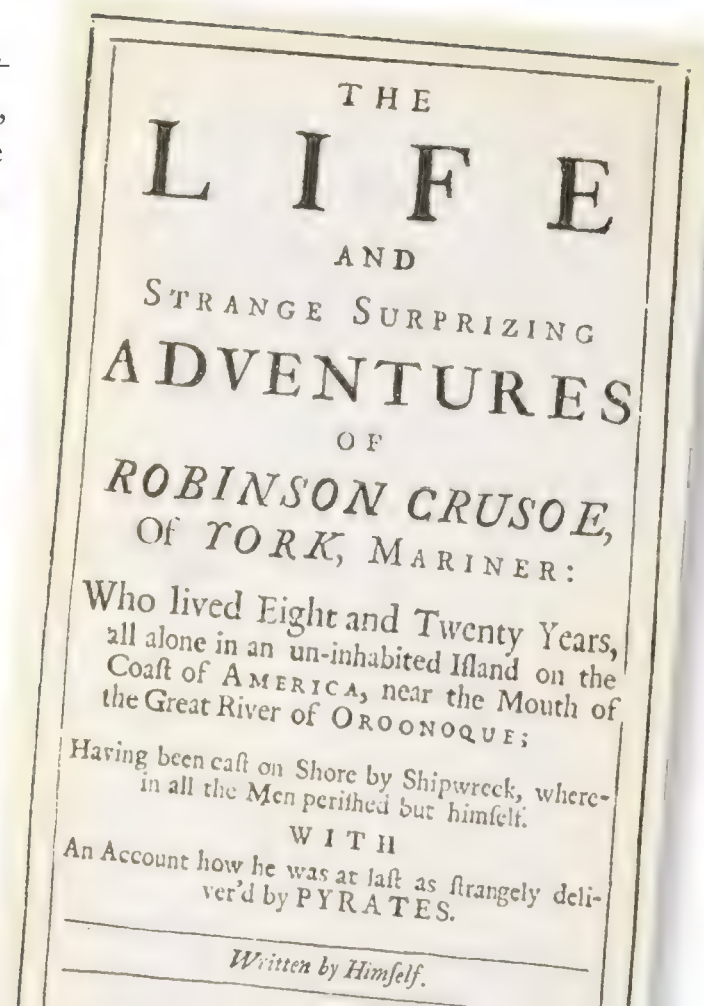
HE WAS A PIRATE, A HOTHEAD AND A LOUT, BUT CASTAWAY ALEXANDER SELKIRK—THE AUTHOR'S ANCESTOR—INSPIRED ONE OF THE GREATEST YARNS IN LITERATURE

BY BRUCE SELCRAIG

THREE CENTURIES AGO an impetuous Scottish sailor known as Alexander Selkirk—though this wasn't his real name—was languishing off the coast of Chile in a battle-scarred, worm-eaten British ship called the *Cinque Ports* when he began to argue with the captain that the leaky, disease-ridden vessel was a deathtrap.

Selkirk, a skilled navigator, and the ship's sickened crew were privateers—in effect, legalized pirates for the British Crown—who had spent a year at sea off South America robbing Spanish ships and coastal villages. Selkirk had already been on a similar voyage. He knew all the risks. But by October 1704, as the *Cinque Ports* anchored off a deserted archipelago 418 miles west of Valparaiso, Chile, he had made a life-changing decision.

Selkirk demanded that his 21-year-old captain, Lt. Thomas Stradling, whom he regarded as arrogant, leave him on the largest island, a wish that Stradling was only too happy to oblige. By all accounts the 28-year-old Selkirk was a hothead. Back home in Scotland he had beaten up his father and two brothers over a harmless prank and would later leave both the women who claimed to be his wife.


THE
LIFE
AND
STRANGE SURPRIZING
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
Of YORK, MARINER:
Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Iſland on the Coaſt of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE;
Having been caſt on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perithed but himſelf.
WITH
An Account how he was at laſt as ſtrangely deliver'd by PYRATES.
Written by Himſelf.

The fictional travails of Crusoe (in an illustration by N.C. Wyeth) begin with a shipwreck, but Selkirk's ordeal began when he fought with his captain and demanded to be left on an island off the Chilean coast.

BETTMANN / CORBIS; P. 82 N. C. WYETH / GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

In any case, Selkirk was left ashore, but when he realized that none of the crew was joining him in the mutiny, he frantically waded back into the ocean and begged forgiveness from Stradling, a tyrant who delighted in saying no.

Fortunately, for Selkirk's sake and world literature's, he accepted his fate, survived, and upon his return to England, inspired one of the world's great tales of self-reliance and courage, Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

Yet the cliché holds true—truth is stranger than fiction. The real life of Alexander Selkirk surpassed Crusoe's in almost every aspect. But then I may be biased. You see, poor Alex—pirate, lout and hero—was not in fact born with the name Selkirk, but with an even less common Scottish name, one to which I've grown attached: Selcraig.

Yes, Alex is family. I am, according to Scottish genealogist Tony Reid, directly descended from Alex's oldest brother, John. Alex apparently never had children.

The first I remember hearing of the Selcraig-Crusoe connection was from my *National Geographic*-hoarding dad, now 91, who would wait until he had a captive audience at dinner to tell us kids about our Scottish ancestors. We mostly nodded and asked to be excused from the table, but as I grew older, I learned that Selkirk was hardly just a castaway and accidental hero.

Once marooned, Selkirk believed a friendly ship would happen by within days, but he would be sorely disappointed. Finding food and shelter proved easier than staying sane.

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

WHEN ALEXANDER SELCRAIG was born in Lower Largo, Scotland, in 1676, it was a fishing village in Fife with fewer than a thousand souls, across the Firth of Forth (an estuary of the North Sea) from bustling Edinburgh, then a metropolis of close to 30,000. Today it's a quiet weekend destination for harried urbanites where BMWs crawl along a 15-foot-wide Main Street past centuries-old sandstone row houses with orange pantiled roofs and crow-stepped gables.

These days, the wide sandy beach beneath the inviting Crusoe Hotel is still perfect for dogs and long walks, but the herring boats that once choked the harbor are long departed, as are the fishermen, their net factories and the flaxen mills. There's a tiny corner market, a railway pub and someone who offers "Reiki Indian head massage," but a more powerful draw for many visitors is that Lower Largo is 15 minutes from Scotland's cradle of golf, St. Andrews.

Were this the United States, you wouldn't be able to see the ocean for all the billboards touting Crusoe Land Thrill Rides and Man Friday Burgers, but the Scots are a bit more restrained. Or perhaps it's because, as a local drama critic put it to me over tea and scones: "Selkirk was a bit of a bastard, more respected in his absence than in his presence."

Lower Largo's tribute to its famous son consists of one bedroom-size exhibit room at the Crusoe Hotel, where there are some artifacts and photographs of the Juan Fernández Archipelago, site of his marooning, and a curious outdoor statue of Selcraig on Main Street, dressed in goatskins, looking out to sea as though he had lost a golf ball.

Even Scots seem perplexed by the statue. There's no museum, no informational display. They stare at it, take a photograph and keep walking. "I think it's absolute madness that the Crusoe connection is not promoted more," says Stewart Dykes, owner with his wife, Lesley, of the Crusoe Hotel. "We've got something here every bit as big as the Loch Ness monster."

Selcraig's unseemly past in Lower Largo is not exactly a literary mystery. The limited amount of factual material about the spirited lad has been mined numerous times, from the early 1800s to 1939 and R. L. Megroz's *The Real Robinson Crusoe*. The past four years have seen the publication of three distinct and well-researched books.

One of the oldest accounts, 1829's *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*, by John Howell, describes the mariner as "spoiled and wayward," made only worse "by the indulgence of his mother, who concealed as much as she could his faults from his father." Selcraig's mother, Euphan Mackie, apparently believed that Alex, as the seventh son, was

Freelance writer BRUCE SELCRAIG lives in Austin, Texas, and traces his lineage to Alexander Selkirk's brother John.

blessed with luck and should be encouraged in his dreams of going to sea. His father, John, wanted the lad to stay home and help with his tannery and shoemaking business, creating a simmering dispute that caused so much "domestic strife and bickering," Howell writes, that John threatened to disinherit Alex.

Virtually all of these accounts lean heavily on one source, the records of the church (or kirk) elders at the Largo Kirk, known as the Kirk Session Minutes, which I found at the St. Andrews University Library.

On a spitting gray day, I went to the basement of the library, where two very proper women in the special collections department had me stow my bags, briefcases and ballpoint pens, and issued me a No. 2 pencil. I sat at a blond wood table with gooseneck reading lamps as a librarian placed before my incredulous eyes not rolls of microfilm, but the actual Kirk Session Minutes, marked 1691-1707, in a rebound brown cover about 13 inches long and 8 inches wide.

The unlined pages were like beige parchment, stiff though hardly brittle, with slight water damage that had darkened and frayed the edges. Amazingly, I was allowed to handle them without gloves, which, the librarian explained, actually tend to make readers more clumsy and more likely to tear delicate pages.

To the untrained eye, the crowded and tiny brown script seems unreadable, full of mystifying Old Scottish curlicues and words like "dry nieffells"—apparently a bare-knuckles brawl—but here and there you can decipher a punishment handed out for illicit "fornication," or the one from August 25, 1695, that reads, "Alex[ande]r Selchcraig, son to John Selchcraig" was summoned to appear before church elders for his "Undecent carriage in ye church." (That would be the imposing gray-stone, 12th-century church that still dominates the neighboring village, Upper Largo.) Two days later, the records state that Alex, then 19, "did not compear [appear] being gone away to ye sea: this bussiness is continued till his return." It's unclear exactly where Alex sailed off to, or precisely when he returned, but London-based biographer Diana Souhami suggests that he left with a Scottish colonizing expedition to what is now Panama.

By November 7, 1701, he was in trouble again. His kid brother, Andrew, made the mistake of laughing at him when he accidentally took a drink of salt water out of a can. Alex beat Andrew with a wooden staff, which ignited a family row that led to Alex's assaulting his father, his brother John, and even John's wife, Margaret Bell.

Days later Alex "compeared befor the pulpit and made acknowledgment of his sin . . . and was rebuked in face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strenth of the lord, and so was dismissed." But evidently Alex was fed up with Lower Largo.

In school, one biographer suggests, he had shown some skill at math and geography, and with at least one voyage under his belt, in 1703 he was able to convince buccaneer William Dampier that he was the man to navigate Dampier's next privateering expedition to South America. It's at this point, however, for reasons unclear, that Selcraig is forever known as Selkirk. Did he deliberately change his name at sea to distance himself from his past, or did someone misunderstand him? Or, as some researchers say, did consistent spelling of names simply not matter much back then?

The buccaneer William Dampier (top) hired Selkirk onto the fateful voyage—and later vouched for him after he was rescued by Capt. Woodes Rogers (above). Daniel Defoe (left) fictionalized Selkirk's story for the *Crusoe* epic, but the sailor is commemorated at home with a statue bearing his real name.

Handsome but peculiar, Dampier was one of history's most complex, and perhaps reluctant, pirates. Some saw him as a cruel, indecisive and incompetent sailor who once narrowly escaped being eaten by his own men in the Pacific and who was court-martialed after losing the British warship HMS *Roebuck* off the coast of Australia. He was often drunk on duty and would infuriate his crews by letting captured ships go free without distributing loot to his men. Yet his contributions as an amateur anthropologist and naturalist were considerable, and it's hard to minimize that he was the first man to circumnavigate the world three times.

Because pirates have been so romanticized by actors from Errol Flynn to Johnny Depp, it's easy to overlook that the typical pirate ship stank of animals and excrement, that scurvy and yellow fever often killed so many that corpses were routinely dumped at sea, and that pirates often delighted in macabre torture.

Pirate prisoners would most likely have

THOMAS MURRAY / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF THE BAHAMAS; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; PAUL TOMKINS / SCOTTISH VIEWPOINT

chosen to walk the plank—a practice more common in TV cartoons than in pirate history—rather than be subjected to sadists like Edward Low, who, in the 1720s, cut off a prisoner's lips and broiled them in front of the hapless fellow, or those who practiced "woolding," in which slender cords were twisted tightly around men's heads in the hope of seeing their eyes burst from their sockets.

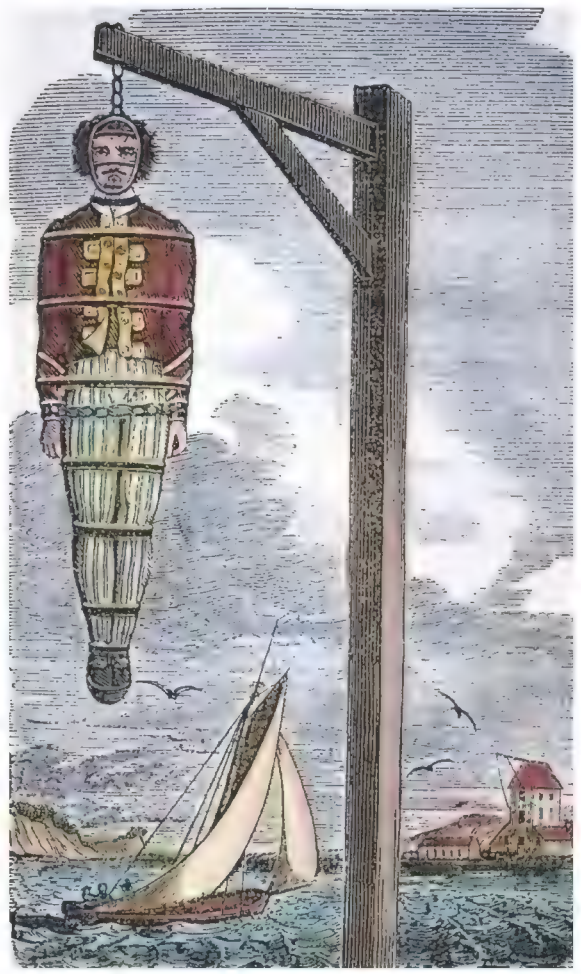
Consequently, when commercial shipowners or governments captured pirates, they were rarely shown mercy. Pirate expert David Cordingly, former curator of the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England, writes in *Under the Black Flag* that it was common practice in the British colonies to place the body of a captured pirate in a steel cage shaped like a man's body and suspend it near the entrance to a port as a grisly warning to seamen.

It's doubtful any of this weighed much on Selkirk's mind in September 1703 as Dampier's two ships, the 320-ton *St. George* and the 120-ton *Cinque Ports*, prepared to leave the harbor of Kinsale, Ireland, for South America. The ships were small by Royal Navy standards and full of desperate men who perhaps noticed that even the staffing of the ships foretold the danger they faced. The *St. George*, Souhami writes, was supplied for eight months of travel and carried five anchors, two sets of sails, 22 cannons, 100 small arms, 30 barrels of gunpowder and five times more men (120) than it could comfortably accommodate—a testament to the numbers needed to crew captured ships, but also a morbid acknowledgment that dozens would be lost to disease, battle and desertion.

The voyage started out badly and got only worse, according to an account by Dampier's second mate, William Funnell.

After two weeks, with 50 miles being a good day's travel under Selkirk's navigation, the ships had reached the Portuguese island of Madeira, 350 miles west of Morocco, then the Cape Verde Islands, a major slave port west of Senegal, and on across the Atlantic to Brazil. But literally on the first night, while still in Ireland, a drunken Dampier had a violent argument with one officer, and dissension quickly spread.

By October the men were sick of brick-hard sea biscuits, dried peas and salt meat. They longed for fresh meat and vegetables, but settled for an occasional shark, dolphin or weary bird. As on most ships of the day, the men often slept in wet clothes and mildewed bedding. The ships were incubators for typhus, dysentery and cholera. A month later, 15 men had fever, and others were wracked by scurvy, caused by a vitamin C deficiency, which Souhami says claimed more lives than contagious disease, gunfire or shipwreck.



Pirating life included barbarous crimes—which British authorities punished in a manner intended to warn errant seamen.

Things got only worse when Capt. Charles Pickering died of a fever in late November and command of the *Cinque Ports* was given to his lieutenant, Thomas Stradling, a young upper-class seaman the crew disliked. There were fights and near-mutinies as the ship cruised the coast of Brazil. The meat and grain were filled with roaches and rat droppings.

In February 1704, both ships were finally west of Cape Horn's foul storms and headed north along the coast of Chile, though by now they had lost sight of each other. The *Cinque Ports* holed up at a rendezvous point on one of the islands in the archipelago west of Valparaiso, but the crew was threatening mutiny against Stradling. Dampier showed up just in time to put down the rebellion by promising a tighter rein on cocky Stradling. But shortly he, too, faced dissent among his sailors, who wanted him to attack more ships.

The *St. George* and *Cinque Ports* left the island in March 1704 to continue their plundering along the coasts of Peru and Mexico, where tempers continued to flare. "Stradling," writes biographer Souhami, "rounded on Dampier, called him a drunk who marooned his officers, stole treasure, hid behind blankets and beds when it came time to fight, took bribes, boasted of impossible prizes and when there was plunder to hand, let it go."

In May the *Cinque Ports* split off from the *St. George* and spent the summer pirating on its own. By September the ship was so leaky that men were pumping out water day and night; Selkirk believed that it was so riddled with worms that its masts and flooring needed immediate repair. That month the ship returned to the relative safety of the island, a secluded and uninhabited place where the men could regain their health and sanity. Soon Selkirk would look at the island and see salvation.

AT A SMALL suburban airport outside crowded Santiago, Chile, six of us stand anxiously beside a drafty hangar staring at an eight-passenger Piper Navajo prop plane. Mechanics are crawling over its dismantled left engine.

This is the twice-a-week flight one takes across 400 miles of frigid Pacific to reach the Juan Fernández Archipelago. A councilman from the island waits with me, joined by a history teacher, a young mother, and two Santiago policemen on a cushy work assignment. We're all wondering if this three-hour delay might be one of those signs from the aviation gods.

"Don't worry," says our pilot, Ricardo Schaeffer, a former colonel in Chile's federal police, with more than 3,000 flights

GRANGER COLLECTION

After months at sea, Selkirk's ship put in at the island (named Robinson Crusoe Island in 1966) with a leaky hull and restive crew. But an extended stay didn't quell Selkirk's misgivings.

over 20 years. "We only go when I know it is safe."

Thus assured, I put my trust in a 1979 craft whose outer skin seems no thicker than a beer can. With surprisingly little turbulence, we finally climb over the city of six million humming past the jagged Andes and across the ocean at 6,000 feet, just above foamy white clouds. We also carry school textbooks and new diapers; returning, we'll take lobsters and octopus to Santiago restaurants.

After two hours of hypnotic engine drone, Schaeffer points to a growing gray dot on the horizon. "Crusoe Island," he says. The Chilean government renamed it Robinson Crusoe Island in 1966.

As we bank high above the reddish moonscape on the extreme western promontory of the 29-square-mile island, rugged volcanic mountains are visible in the distance, with seemingly great spots for hiking or diving. A sailor in the 1700s, however, would have seen nothing but trouble—grim, sheer-faced coves rising 80 feet straight up, and not a sandy beach in sight. Yet perhaps Selkirk knew, because mariners had stayed on the island before, that to find anything life-sustaining, like forests and goats, he'd have to sail to the lush northeast end and the well-protected Cumberland Bay, a 90-minute boat ride from the airstrip. On a sunny spring afternoon, whales flirt with the fishing boat carrying us, and dozens of yelping fur seals—an endemic species, *Arctocephalus phillippii*, that Dampier's men saw by the "thousands"—sun themselves on the smooth inland rocks. Cumberland Bay's beaches are gray volcanic rocks, but the cove is inviting enough that a half-dozen sloops from Europe and Canada are anchored there.

San Juan Bautista (John the Baptist) village (pop. 600), started in 1750 by the Spanish and still the only community on the island, is spread along the half-moon bay at the base of a 3,000-foot mountain that becomes a rain forest at its top. San Juan Bautista is part sleepy South Pacific fishing village, part eco-tourism hideaway.

Along deeply rutted dirt roads, there are eight or nine summer cabins and basic bed-and-breakfast operations—several hundred tourists came to the village last year—with a few in-home convenience stores, three churches (Evangelical, Mormon and Catholic), a leaky gymnasium, a lively school serving first through eighth grade, a city hall, a small Crusoe museum with translations of the novel in Polish and Greek, and an adjoining library with a satellite Internet connection, thanks to the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.

The homes are wooden bungalows for the most part, weathered but neat, with small yards and big leafy palm or fruit trees. Nearly everyone has TV, which consists of two Santiago channels. There's neither visible poverty nor glaring wealth, with barely two dozen cars on the whole island, which measures about 2.4 by 7.4 miles.

My guide, Pedro Niada, a witty and well-read fellow who moved here with his wife from Santiago some years ago, estimates that 70 percent of the families still make their living from trapping lobster, but that number is declining. "We can't lie," he told me. "There are fewer and fewer lobster, more and more tourists."

AFTER A MONTH ON THE ISLAND, the *Cinque Ports* was stocked with turnips, goats and crayfish, yet no less worm-

WOLFGANG KAEHLER

Selkirk climbed high above Cumberland Bay to look for approaching craft—and hid from Spanish ships, given the Spaniards' reputation for torturing or enslaving prisoners.

eaten. Stradling ordered the men to set sail and leave Cumberland Bay. Selkirk refused and told the men to do the same, believing the ship could never withstand the open sea or the battles the men so craved. Stradling mocked his navigator, and that set off Selkirk like he was back in Largo. After a bitter argument, Stradling must have felt he could not back down.

Selkirk was put ashore with his bedding, a musket, pistol, gunpowder, hatchet, knife, his navigation tools, a pot for boiling food, two pounds of tobacco, some cheese and jam, a flask of rum and his Bible. He had made the biggest decision of his life. No longer just a complainer, he had taken action.

But no sooner had he waded into Cumberland Bay than he was overwhelmed with regret and fear. He had badly overplayed his hand. Not one of the men had joined him.

Selkirk pleaded with Stradling to be allowed back, but the captain was quite enjoying the moment. His unruly men were certainly watching this pathetic show, this hardheaded seaman begging for his life. Stradling wanted the message to sink in deeply with the crew: leave the ship and this will be you.

Perhaps feeling more stupid and angry than victimized, Selkirk finally turned his back on the *Cinque Ports* and resigned himself to waiting for what he thought would be a few days until another friendly ship happened by.

He was wrong by four years and four months.

There is no evidence that Selkirk ever kept a diary—he may have been illiterate, though historians disagree—so what we know of his time on the island comes primarily from two sources: his eventual rescuer, Capt. Woodes Rogers, a distinguished English privateer (or despised pirate, if you were Spanish) who wrote *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*, about his 1708-1711 expedition, and English essayist and playwright Richard Steele, who interviewed Selkirk in 1711 for the magazine *The Englishman*.

According to them, Selkirk was so despondent for the first several months that he contemplated suicide—presumably with one of his few bullets—and almost welcomed the gnawing hunger each day because it at least occupied his mind. (He had, however, heard stories from Dampier and others about several men who had survived alone on Juan Fernández—one for five years, and a Moskito Indian named Will, who made it alone for three years and is thought by some to be the model for Robinson Crusoe's man, Friday.) Bellowing sea lions—actually the southern elephant seal, *Mirounga leonina*, as large as 19 feet and weighing up to two tons—wailed at night unlike any animal Selkirk had ever heard, trees snapped in frequent gales, and hordes of rats, émigrés from European ships, tore at Selkirk's clothing and feet as he slept. In time, he was able to domesticate some feral cats, who served as companions and exterminators.

Finding shelter and food on the verdant island was less of a problem than keeping his sanity. Fish were plentiful, but they "occasion'd a Looseness" in his bowels, so he stuck with the huge island "lobster"—actually a clawless crayfish. There were so many fur seals that a buccaneer had written 20 years earlier, "We were forced to kill them to set our feet on shore." For meat he prepared a hearty goat broth with turnips, watercress and cabbage palm, seasoned with black pimento pepper. What he missed most was bread and salt.

Eventually he grew so nimble running barefoot on the

JACQUELINE WINDH

steep hills above the bay that he could chase down any goat he wanted. "He ran with wonderful Swiftness thro the Woods and up the Rocks and Hills," Captain Rogers would later observe. "We had a Bull-Dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest Runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanc'd and tir'd both the Dog and the Men."

Selkirk was able to start a fire with pimento wood and his musket flints, and tried to keep it going night and day, but he was careful to hide the flames from Spanish ships; the Spanish were known for torturing their prisoners or turning them into slaves in South American gold mines. He once narrowly escaped a Spanish search party by climbing a tree.

To maintain his spirits, the Scottish navigator sang hymns and prayed. "[H]e said he was a better Christian while in this Solitude than ever he was before," Rogers later wrote. At some point, Selkirk apparently embraced life again, and like Thoreau, saw deep new truths about himself revealed through the cleansing simplicity of the demands of survival.

"[T]horoughly reconciled to his Condition," wrote Steele, "his Life [became] one continual Feast, and his Being much more joyful than it had before been irksome." He learned to live without his vices—alcohol and tobacco, even salt—and found new fascination in the hummingbirds and turtles he had likely ignored as the headstrong Fifer from Largo.

But mainly Selkirk spent hour upon hour scanning the sea for a rescue.

ONE GLOOMY MORNING Pedro Niada and I climbed to Selkirk's "lookout," or *mirador*, a strenuous walk of just under two miles that leads 1,800 feet above San Juan Bautista up a muddy trail. We munched on the same tart red berries that probably sustained Selkirk, waiting for the sky to clear.

When the sun broke through, I understood why Selkirk had chosen this spot. He could not only see for miles in every direction, thereby giving himself an hour or two headstart if he needed to evade the Spanish—who tortured and enslaved captives—but he could also sustain his spirits. As the clouds separated and a rainbow dashed across the glassy sea, I could appreciate what Selkirk must have felt on that fine day, February 2, 1709, when Woodes Rogers' majestic *Duke* finally appeared before him.

By then, Selkirk was like a bearded beast on two legs, clothed in goatskins and "so much forgot his Language for want of Use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seem'd to speak his words by halves," as Rogers reported.

He offered Rogers' men goat soup and told his story of survival as best he could. He might not have been believed, but Rogers' navigator was none other than William Dampier, who recognized Selkirk as a comrade from the *St. George-Cinque Ports* voyage. Dampier likely told Selkirk the bittersweet news that he had been all too right about the decrepit *Cinque Ports*. Soon after abandoning the Scotsman in 1704 the ship sank off the coast of Peru, killing all but Stradling and a dozen or so men, who wound up in Spanish prisons.

Rogers helped Selkirk shave and gave him clothes. The crew offered him food, but his diet of fresh fish, goat and vegetables made the *Duke*'s stale and over-salted rations hard to stomach. His rock-hard feet swelled in the constraint of shoes. In recognition of not only his past skill but also perhaps his ordeal, Rogers made him a navigator once again. Finally, he was headed home. But not immediately.

Rogers would have so much success off the coast of Peru and Ecuador robbing Spanish galleons that the *Duke* stayed at sea another two years, not returning to London's Thames River until October 1711, eight years after Selkirk left it.

WOODES ROGERS and Richard Steele wrote their accounts of Selkirk's life on Robinson Crusoe Island in 1712 and 1713, respectively, giving the Fife mariner and his family a fame they had never imagined. In the years that followed, Selkirk became a somewhat eccentric celebrity—he may have married two women at the same time—enriched by his share of the *Duke*'s plundered riches (about 800 English pounds). For the better part of two years, he dined out on his adventures, wandering from pub to pub in Bristol and London, telling tales of the South Seas for free meals and a pint.

But some months after first meeting Selkirk, Steele noticed that the "cheerful" man he had first encountered now seemed burdened by the world. "This plain Man's Story is a

Once Selkirk "reconciled to his condition," a chronicler wrote, "his Life [became] one continual Feast." A cave on the island is believed to have been his summer home.

JOHN FRANCIS / CORBIS

When Rogers' men discovered him, Selkirk was a goatskin-clad wild man who "so much forgot his Language for want of Use, that we could scarce understand him," the captain wrote.

memorable Example," Steele wrote, "that he is happiest who confines his Wants to natural Necessities . . . or to use [Selkirk's] own Expression, I am now worth 800 pounds, but shall never be so happy, as when I was not worth a farthing."

When he finally returned to Lower Largo, he wanted little to do with his relatives. Some biographers say (though others doubt) that he began trying to replicate the best of his life on Juan Fernández, down to a cave-like shelter he built behind his father's house, from which he would gaze upon the Largo harbor. He evidently became something of a loner and resumed his drinking and fighting.

About this time, Daniel Defoe, a well-known British political activist and author, grew intrigued by Selkirk's story. Historians have debated whether he and Selkirk actually met—Defoe would have had everything to gain by saying they had, which he never did—but Defoe did meet with Woodes Rogers, and few dispute that the Fife sailor inspired what would become Defoe's literary sensation, *The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

Published in April 1719 when Defoe was 59 and Selkirk 43, *Crusoe* captivated readers unlike anything in its time (and is now considered by many the first true English novel). Laced with politics and social theory, it was part adventure, part Christian allegory, part utopianist attack on British society. The first printing, of a thousand copies, quickly went to a second, third and fourth. The book was translated into French, Dutch, German, Spanish and Russian, making *Crusoe* one of the world's most recognized fictional characters. But the author, who had been repeatedly imprisoned for his opposition to the British government, remained anonymous.

"It wasn't a comfortable time for controversial writers," says Maximillian Novak, author of *Daniel Defoe: Master of Fictions—His Life and Ideas*. "One British bookseller had already been hanged. Defoe had attacked corporate power and the high church of England. *Crusoe* definitely made him some money, but he sold the copyright and ultimately only made a fraction of what he deserved."

As for Selkirk, in November 1720, at age 44, he returned to the only life that ever meant anything to him, signing on as the first mate of a naval warship, the HMS *Weymouth*, bound for Guinea and the Gold Coast of Africa in search of pirates. It would be another cursed voyage, plagued by yellow fever and perhaps typhoid. In all his travels Selkirk had never seen "the fever" destroy as many men as this. The ship's terse log recorded dozens of deaths within a year's time, often three or four a day. On December 13, 1721, it recorded another. "North to northwest. Small Breeze and fair," it read. "Took 3 Englishmen out of a Dutch ship and at 8 pm. Alexander Selkirk . . . died."

As with the others, they threw his body overboard.

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RIPPED FROM THE WALLS (AND THE HEADLINES)

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE GREATEST ART THEFT IN MODERN HISTORY THE MYSTERY MAY BE UNRAVELING

BY ROBERT M. POOLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARY WOLINSKY

Most of Boston was sleeping when it happened.

At 1:24 a.m. on March 18, 1990, as St. Patrick's Day stragglers wobbled home for the night, a buzzer sounded inside the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. One of two hapless museum guards answered it, saw what he thought were two Boston policemen outside the Palace Road entrance, and opened the door on the biggest art theft in U.S. history.

The intruders, who had apparently filched the uniforms, overpowered the guards and handcuffed them. They wrapped the guards' heads in duct tape, leaving nose holes for breathing, and secured the men to posts in the basement. After disarming the museum's video cameras, the thieves proceeded to take apart one of this country's finest private art collections, one painstakingly assembled by the flamboyant Boston socialite Isabella Gardner at the end of the 19th century and housed since 1903 in the Venetian-style *palazzo* she built to display her treasures "for the education and enjoyment of the public forever."

But as the poet Robert Burns warned long ago, the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft agley"—an insight no less applicable to heiresses. Less than a century elapsed before Mrs. Gardner's high-minded plans for eternity began to crumble. Up a flight of marble stairs on the second floor, the thieves went to work in the Dutch Room, where they yanked one of Rembrandt's earliest (1629) self-portraits off the wall. They tried to pry the painted wooden panel out of its heavy gilded frame, but when Rembrandt refused to budge, they left him on the floor, a little roughed up but re-

Batter up! Commissioner announces end of baseball lockout

By JOE GIULIOTTI

NEW YORK — It's time to Play Ball!

After a furious weekend of negotiations, the second-longest work stoppage in baseball history ended last night when the owners and players each made concessions on the issue of salary arbitration eligibility and hammered out a new four-year Basic Agreement.

The clause, which crashed through the roadblock that had prevented the opening of spring training and gave baseball another black eye, makes the top 17 percent of players who have more than two years and 86 days of service eligible for salary arbitration after the 1990 season. That projects out to about a dozen players.

Commissioner Fay Vincent made the end of the lockout official, announcing the agreement this morning at a 1:15 a.m. press conference. "It was a difficult process. It was a troublesome negotiation with some difficult issues, but I want to commend both parties for being able to work them out.

"We are hopeful all games missed will be made up. We will make every effort to avoid an asterisk next to the season."

While the agreement ended the own-

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WEATHER: PAGE 30
Chance of rain
High 45 to 50.
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LOTTERIES: PAGE 69

Monday March 19 1990

$200M of art stolen in picture-perfect heist

By L. KIM TAN

Brazen thieves with an eye for priceless art posed as police and overpowered guards at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum yesterday, stealing "hundreds of millions of dollars worth" of paintings by masters such as Rembrandt, Degas and Manet.

Stunned museum officials, the FBI and Boston Police said five oil paintings, six drawings and an ancient Chinese bronze beaker were taken after two men, dressed as police, conned museum guards into letting them inside around 1:15 a.m.

"We're stunned," said Karen Haas, acting curator of the 87-year-old museum housed in a Venetian-style mansion on The Fenway. "I've worked here for 12 years, so (the art works) are like very old friends. It's shocking. We're very, very sad."

Haas said the exact value of the stolen pieces is not known, in part because Isabella Stewart Gardner, who died in 1924, had stipulated in

Turn to Page 6

Boston socialite Isabella Stewart Gardner (left, c. 1888) built a world-class collection of art and a palatial museum (its court, above). Rembrandt's 1633 *Christ in the Storm on the Sea of Galilee* (opposite), one of the 13 stolen artworks, was his only known seascape.

markably sturdy at age 376. They crossed worn brown tiles to the south side of the room and cut two other Rembrandts out of their frames, including the Dutch master's only known seascape, *Christ in the Storm on the Sea of Galilee* (opposite), and a double portrait titled *A Lady and Gentleman in Black* (Table of Contents, p. 6). From an easel by the windows, they lifted *The Concert* (p. 97), a much-loved oil by Johannes Vermeer, and a Govaert Flinck landscape, long thought to have been painted by Rembrandt, whose monogram had been forged on the canvas. Before the intruders departed, they snapped up a bronze Chinese beaker from the Shang era (1200-1100 B.C.) and a Rembrandt etching, a self-portrait the size of a postage stamp.

A hundred paces down the corridor and through two galleries brimming with works by Fra Angelico, Bellini, Botticelli and Raphael, the thieves stopped in a narrow hallway known as the Short Gallery. There, under the painted gaze of Isabella Stewart Gardner herself, they helped themselves to five Degas drawings. And in a move that still baffles most investigators, they tried to wrestle a flag of Napoleon's Imperial Guard from its frame and, failing, settled for its bronze eagle finial. Then, back on the ground floor, the thieves made one last acquisition, a jaunty Manet oil portrait of a man in a top hat, titled *Chez Tortoni* (p. 103). By some miracle, they left what is possibly the most valuable painting in the collection, Titian's *Europa*, untouched in its third-floor gallery.

The raiders' leisurely assault had taken nearly 90 minutes. Before departing the museum that night, they left the guards with a promise: "You'll be hearing from us in about a year."

But the guards never heard a word, and 15 years later the case remains unsolved, despite wide-ranging probes by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with assists from Scotland Yard, museum directors, friendly dealers, Japanese and French authorities, and a posse of private investigators; despite hundreds of interviews and new offers of immunity; despite the Gardner Museum's promise of a $5 million reward; despite a coded message the museum flashed to an anonymous tipster through the financial pages of the *Boston Globe*; despite oceans of ink and miles of film devoted to the subject; despite advice from psychics and a tip from an informant who claims that one of the works is rumbling around in a trailer to avoid detection.

A former executive editor of National Geographic, ROBERT M. POOLE *is the author of* Explorers House *(2004, Penguin Press). Freelance photographer* CARY WOLINSKY *lives in Massachusetts.*

P. 93 BOSTON HERALD; P. 94 BOTTOM AND P. 95: ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

There have been enough false sightings of the paintings—in furniture stores, seedy antiques marts and tiny apartments—to turn Elvis green with envy. In the most tantalizing of these, a *Boston Herald* reporter was driven to a warehouse in the middle of the night in 1997 to see what purported to be Rembrandt's *Christ in the Storm on the Sea of Galilee*. The reporter, Tom Mashberg, had been covering the theft and was allowed to view the painting briefly by flashlight. When he asked for proof of authenticity, he was given a vial of paint chips that were later confirmed by experts to be Dutch fragments from the 17th century—but not from the Rembrandt seascape. Then the painting, whether real or fake, melted from view again. Since then, there has been no sign of the missing works, no arrests, no plausible demands for ransom. It is as if the missing stash—now valued as high as $500 million—simply vanished into the chilly Boston night, swallowed up in the shadowy world of stolen art.

That world, peopled by small-time crooks, big-time gangsters, unscrupulous art dealers, convicted felons, money launderers, drug merchants, gunrunners and organized criminals, contributes to an underground market of an estimated $4 billion to $6 billion a year. While the trade in stolen art does not rival the black market in drugs and guns, it has become a significant part of the illicit global economy.

Some 160,000 items—including paintings, sculptures and other cultural objects—are currently listed by the Art Loss Register, an international organization established in 1991 to track lost or stolen art around the world. Among the objects on their list today are the 13 items snatched from the Gardner Museum as well as 42 other Rembrandt paintings, 83 Rembrandt prints and an untitled painting attributed to Vermeer that has been missing since World War II. The register records more than 600 stolen Picassos and some 300 Chagalls, most of them prints. An additional 10,000 to 12,000 items are added each year, according to Alexandra Smith, operations director for the London-based registry, a company financed by insurers, leading auction houses, art dealers and trade associations.

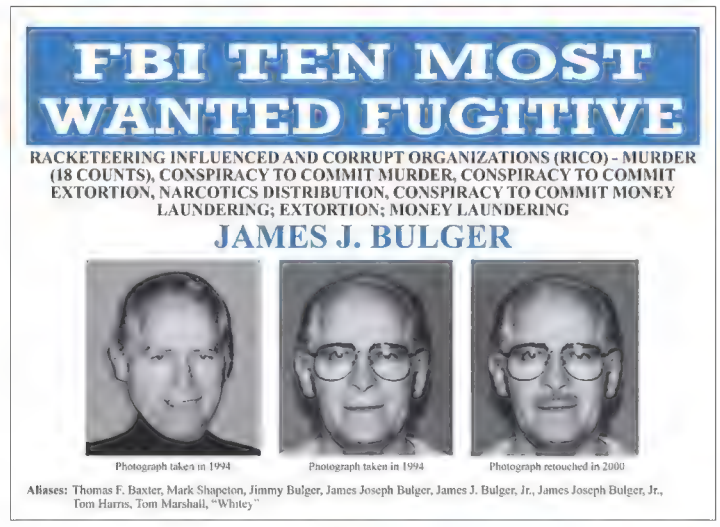
Such registries, along with computer-based inventories maintained by the FBI and Interpol, the international police agency, make it virtually impossible for thieves or dealers to sell a purloined Van Gogh, Rembrandt or any other well-known work on the open market. Yet the trade in stolen art remains a brisk one.

In recent years, big-ticket paintings have become a substitute for cash, passing from hand to hand as collateral for arms, drugs or other contraband, or for laundering money from criminal enterprises. "It would appear that changes in the banking laws have driven the professional thieves into the art world," says Smith of the Art Loss Register. "With tighter banking regulations, it has become difficult for people to put big chunks of money in financial institutions without getting noticed," she explains. "So now thieves go out and steal a painting."

Although the theft of a Vermeer or a Cézanne may generate the headlines, the illicit art market is sustained by amateurs and minor criminals who grab targets of opportunity—the small, unspectacular watercolor, the silver inkstand, the antique vase or teapot—most from private homes. These small objects are devilishly hard to trace, easy to transport and relatively painless to fence, though the returns are low. "If you have three watercolors worth £3,000," Smith says, "you are likely to get only £300 for them on the black market." Even so, that market brings more money to thieves than stolen radios, laptops and similar gear. "Electronics have become so affordable that the market for them has dried up," Smith adds, "and those who go after these things have learned that art is better money than computers."

Smith and others who track stolen art are clearly irritated by the public's misconception that their world is populated by swashbucklers in black turtlenecks who slip through skylights to procure paintings for secretive collectors. "I'm afraid it's a lot more mundane than that," says Lynne Richardson, former manager of the FBI's National Art Crime Team. "Most things get stolen without much fanfare. In museums it's usually somebody with access who sees something in storage, thinks it's not being used and walks off with it."

Glamorous or not, today's art crooks are motivated by a complex of urges. In addition to stealing for the oldest reason of all—money—they may also be drawn by the thrill of the challenge, the hope of a ransom, the prospect of leverage in plea bargaining and the yearning for status within the criminal community. A few even do it for love, as evidenced by the case of an obsessed art connoisseur named Stephane Breitwieser. Before he was arrested in 2001, the French waiter went on a seven-year spree in Europe's museums, amassing a collection valued as high as $1.9 billion. He reframed some of the works, cleaned them up and kept them in his mother's small house in eastern France; there, according to court


FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE
RACKETEERING INFLUENCED AND CORRUPT ORGANIZATIONS (RICO) - MURDER (18 COUNTS), CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT EXTORTION, NARCOTICS DISTRIBUTION, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MONEY LAUNDERING; EXTORTION; MONEY LAUNDERING
JAMES J. BULGER
Photograph taken in 1994
Photograph taken in 1994
Photograph retouched in 2000
Aliases: Thomas F. Baxter, Mark Shapeton, Jimmy Bulger, James Joseph Bulger, James J. Bulger, Jr., James Joseph Bulger, Jr., Tom Harris, Tom Marshall, "Whitey"

An FBI agent alerted James J. "Whitey" Bulger (above), a former Boston crime boss, to his imminent arrest. Art thief Myles J. Connor Jr. (right) was in jail at the time of the heist, but claims he inspired it.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION; TOM MASHBERG / CORBIS SYGMA

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

testimony, he would close the door and glory in his private collection, which included works by Bruegel, Watteau, Boucher and many others. He never sold a single piece. Finally collared in Switzerland for stealing an old bugle, he attempted suicide in jail when informed that his mother had destroyed some of his paintings to hide his crimes. Breitwieser spent two years jailed in Switzerland before being extradited to France, where he was sentenced to a 26-month prison term in January 2005.

What continues to perplex those investigating the Gardner mystery is that no single motive or pattern seems to emerge from the thousands of pages of evidence gathered over the past 15 years. Were the works taken for love, money, ransom, glory, barter, or for some tangled combination of them all? Were the raiders professionals or amateurs? Did those who pulled off the heist hang on to their booty, or has

"For us," says the Gardner Museum's director, Anne Hawley, "it's like a death in the family" to lose works by Rembrandt and Vermeer (his 1665 masterpiece, *The Concert*, above).

it passed into new hands in the underground economy?

"I would be happy to knock it down to one or two theories," says FBI special agent Geoffrey J. Kelly, who has been in charge of the Gardner investigation for three years. He acknowledges that the bureau has left the book open on a maddening array of possibilities, among them: that the Gardner theft was arranged by the Irish Republican Army (IRA) to raise money or to bargain for the release of jailed comrades; that it was organized by James J. "Whitey" Bulger, who was Boston's ruling crime boss and a top-echelon FBI informant at the time of the heist; that it was inspired by Myles J. Connor Jr., an aging rocker who performed with Roy Orbison before he gained fame as New England's leading art thief.

Connor, who claims to have pulled off no less than 30 art thefts in his career, was in jail when the Gardner Museum was raided; but he boasts that he and a now deceased friend, Bobby Donati, cased the place several years before, and that Donati did the deed. Connor came forward after the museum increased its reward from $1 million to $5 million in 1997, saying he could find the missing artwork in exchange for immunity, part of the reward and release from prison. Authorities considered but ultimately rejected his offer. Connor believes that the Gardner spoils have passed into other, unknown hands. "I was probably told, but I don't remember," he says, citing a heart attack that affected his memory.

Some investigators speculate that the theft may have been carried out by amateurs who devoted more time to planning the heist than they did to marketing the booty; when the goods got too hot to handle, they may have panicked and destroyed everything. It is a prospect few wish to consider, but it could explain why the paintings have gone unseen for so long. It would also be a depressingly typical denouement: most art stolen in the United States never reappears—the recovery rate is estimated to be less than 5 percent. In Europe, where the problem has been around longer and specialized law enforcement agencies have been in place, it is about 10 percent.

Meanwhile, the FBI has managed to eliminate a few lines of inquiry into the Gardner caper. The two guards on duty at the time of the theft were interviewed and deemed too unimaginative to have pulled it off; another guard, who disappeared from work without picking up his last paycheck, had other reasons to skip town in a hurry; a former museum director who lived in the Gardner, entertaining visitors at all hours, was also questioned. He died of a heart attack in 1992, removing himself from further interrogation. Agents also interviewed a bumbling armored truck robber, as well as an ex-convict from California who arrived in Boston before the theft and flew home just after it, disguised as a woman; it turned out that he had been visiting a mistress.

Special agent Kelly offers a tight smile: "There have been a lot of interesting stories associated with the case," he says. "We try to investigate every one that seems promising." Just the week before, in fact, he had traveled to Paris with another agent to probe rumors that a former chief of the financially troubled entertainment conglomerate Vivendi Universal had acquired the Gardner paintings, an allegation the official denies.

"In a bank robbery or an armored car robbery, the motivation is fairly easy to decipher," says Kelly. "They want the money. The motivation in an art theft can be much more difficult to figure out." The Gardner thieves were professional in some ways, amateurish in others: spending 90 minutes inside the museum seems unnecessarily risky, but the way they got in was clever. "It shows good planning," says Kelly. "They had the police uniforms. They treated the guards well. That's professional." The thieves also knew the museum well enough to recognize that its most famous paintings were in the Dutch Room. Once there, though, they betrayed a bush-league crudeness in slashing the paintings from their frames, devaluing them in the process. "Given that they were in the museum for an hour and a half, why did they do that?" Kelly wonders.

And what of the wildly uneven range of works taken? "There doesn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to it," he adds. Why bother with the Degas sketches? "And to overlook Titian's *Europa*? And to spend such an inordinate amount of time trying to get the Napoleonic flag off the wall and then to settle for the finial?"

Perhaps most telling—and in some ways most unsettling—is the ominous silence since March 18, 1990. Kelly believes, and most other investigators agree, that the long hush suggests professional thieves who moved their stash with efficiency and who now control it with disciplined discretion. If the thieves had been amateurs, Kelly posits, "somebody would have talked by now or somehow those paintings would have turned up."

It is not unusual for art thieves to hang on to prominent paintings for a few years, allowing time for the public excitement and investigative fervor to fade, for the artwork to gain in value and for both federal and state statutes of limitation to run their course. As a result of the Gardner case, Senator Edward M. Kennedy introduced the "Theft of Major Artwork" provision to the 1994 Crime Act, a new law making it a federal offense to obtain by theft or fraud any object more than 100 years old and worth $5,000 or more; the law

"I know that there's a child, a mother—someone out there—who knows where the pieces are," says the Gardner's Anne Hawley (opposite, top). Although she praises FBI special agent Geoffrey Kelly (opposite), she has asked anyone with information about the case to contact her directly. Former Scotland Yard inspector Charles Hill (above) may hold the key.

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also covers any object worth at least $100,000, regardless of its age, and prohibits possession of such objects if the owner knows them to be stolen. Even with such laws in force, the FBI's Kelly says that some criminals keep paintings indefinitely as an investment against future trouble and to bargain down charges against them, or, as he puts it, as a get-out-of-jail-free card.

"It's quite possible the paintings are still being held as collateral in an arms deal, a drug deal or some other criminal venture," says Dick Ellis, a prominent investigator who retired in 1999 from Scotland Yard's highly regarded Art and Antiques Unit. "Until the debt is paid off, they will remain buried. That is why nobody has heard of the paintings for 15 years. That is a long time, but it may be a big debt."

WHEREVER the paintings may be, Gardner Museum director Anne Hawley hopes that they are being well cared for. "It is so important that the art is kept in safe condition," she says. "The works should be kept at a steady humidity of 50 percent—not more or less—and a steady temperature of around 70 degrees Fahrenheit. They need a stable environment," she adds, sounding like the concerned mother of a kidnapped child. "They should be kept away from light and they should be wrapped in acid-free paper." While it is common practice for art thieves to roll up canvases for easy transport, Hawley pleads that the works be unrolled for storage to avoid flaking or cracking the paint. "Otherwise the paintings will be compromised and their value decreased. The more repainting that needs to be done when they are returned, the worse it will be for the integrity of the paintings." (The museum had no theft insurance at the time of the heist, largely because the premiums were too high. Today the museum has not only insurance but an upgraded security and fire system.)

Like others who work in the palace Isabella Gardner built, Hawley, who had been on the job for just five months at the time of the theft, takes

Investigator Charles Hill speculates that the thieves may have gone after Edgar Degas' c. 1871 watercolor sketch *La Sortie du Pesage* (above) because of the Irish love of all things equestrian.

the loss personally. "For us, it's like a death in the family," she says. "Think of what it would mean to civilization if you could never hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony again. Think if you lost access to a crucial piece of literature like Plato's *Republic*. Removing these works by Rembrandt and Vermeer is ripping something from the very fabric of civilization."

IN 1998—eight years into the investigation—Hawley and all of Boston woke up to the news that the local FBI office had been corrupted by a long partnership with Whitey Bulger, the crime boss and FBI informant who had been a suspect all along. Because Bulger and his associates had helped the FBI bring down Boston's leading Italian crime family (which incidentally opened up new turf for Bulger), he was offered protection. Bulger happily took advantage of the opportunity to expand his criminal empire, co-opting some of his FBI handlers in the process. A bureau supervisor took payments from him, and a star agent named John Connolly warned him of impending wiretaps and shielded him from investigation by other police agencies.

When an honest prosecutor and a grand jury secretly charged Bulger in 1995 with racketeering and other crimes, Connolly tipped Bulger that an arrest was imminent, and the gangster skipped town. He has been on the run ever since. Connolly is now serving a ten-year prison sentence for conspiring with Bulger, and some 18 agents have been implicated in the scandal. As new details emerged in court proceedings, begun in 1998, the charges against Bulger have multiplied to include conspiracy, extortion, money laundering and 18 counts of murder.

Against this sordid background, it is easy to understand why some critics remain skeptical about the bureau's ability to solve the case. "Their investigation was possibly corrupted and compromised from the start," says the Gardner's Hawley. "We assumed that things were proceeding according to schedule—then this came up!" While she praises Geoffrey Kelly as a diligent investigator and allows that the FBI's Boston office has cleaned itself up, she has taken the remarkable step of inviting those with information about the Gardner theft to contact her—not the FBI. "If people are afraid to step forward or hesitant to speak with the FBI, I encourage them to contact me directly, and I will promise anonymity," she says. "I know that there's a child, a mother, a grandmother, or a lover—someone out there—who knows where the pieces are. Anyone who knows this has an ethical and moral responsibility to come forward. The most important

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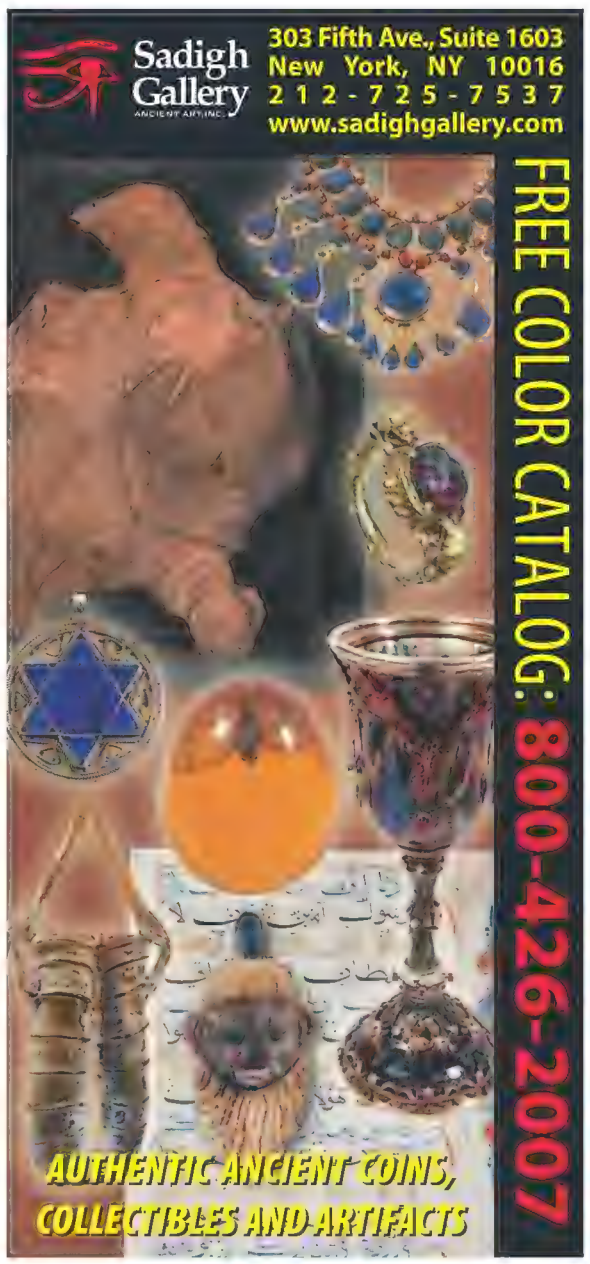

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thing is to get the art back, not to prosecute the people who took it."

With that, at least, the FBI's Kelly agrees. "The primary importance is to get the paintings back," he says. "The secondary importance is to know where they've been since March 18, 1990. We want to get the message out that there is a $5 million reward, that the U.S. attorney for the district of Massachusetts has stated that he would entertain immunity negotiations for the return of the paintings. The reward, coupled with the immunity offer, really make this a good time to get these paintings back to the museum, where they belong."

Meanwhile, the specter of Whitey Bulger continues to haunt the case. Just outside Kelly's office, a photograph of the gangster hangs on the bureau's Ten Most Wanted list. The possibility of Bulger's complicity "has been around since day one," says Kelly. "But we haven't come across any evidence relevant to that theory."

Might rogue agent John Connolly have tipped Bulger off about the Gardner investigation? "I am not aware of that," Kelly answers.

With or without Connolly's involvement, there have been reports that two Bulger associates—Joseph Murray of Charleston and Patrick Nee of South Boston—claimed they had access to the stolen paintings in the early 1990s. Both Murray and Nee, who were convicted in 1987 of attempting to smuggle guns from New England to the Irish Republican Army, have been linked to the Gardner theft by informants, but Kelly says that no evidence supports those claims. Murray is dead now, shot by his wife in 1992. And Nee, who returned to South Boston on his release from prison in 2000, denies any involvement in the theft.

"THE PAINTINGS are in the West of Ireland," says British investigator Charles Hill, "and the people holding them are a group of criminals—about the hardest, the most violent and the most difficult cases you are ever likely to encounter. They have the paintings, and they don't know what to do with them. All we need to do is convince them to return them. I see that as my job." Although Hill stresses that his comments are speculative, they are informed by his knowledge of the case and the characters involved.

It would be easy to dismiss Charles Hill were it not for his experience and his track record at solving hard-to-crack art cases. The son of an English mother and an American father, Hill went to work as a London constable in 1976 and rose to the rank of detective chief inspector in Scotland Yard's Art and Antiques Unit. After a 20-year career at the yard, he retired and became a private investigator specializing in stolen art. He has been involved in a string of high-profile cases, helping to recover Titian's *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*, which had been missing for seven years; Vermeer's *Lady Writing a Letter with her Maid*; Goya's *Portrait of Dona Antonia Zarate*; and Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, among other works. (Another version of *The Scream*, stolen from Oslo's Munch Museum last year, is still missing.)

Hill believes that the Gardner paintings arrived in Ireland sometime between 1990 and 1995, shipped there by none other than Whitey Bulger. "Being extremely clever, knowing that he could negotiate the paintings for money or for a bargaining chip, he took them," says Hill. "Only Bulger could have done it at the time. Only Bulger had the bureau protecting him. Moving the pictures was easy—most probably in a shipping container with no explosives or drugs for a dog to sniff. He thought Ireland meant safety for him and the museum's stuff."

But Bulger had not bargained on being charged with multiple murders, which made him less than welcome in Ireland's West Country and helpless to bargain down the charges against him. "He went to Ireland hoping to hide out there," says Hill. "When they threw him out, they hung on to his things, not knowing what to do with them."

Hill says he is in delicate negotiations that may lead him to the Irish

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

Also missing: Edouard Manet's c. 1880 oil *Chez Tortoni*. "The reward, coupled with the immunity offer," says the FBI's Kelly, "make this a good time to get these paintings back to the museum."

group holding the paintings. "I have someone who says he can arrange for me to visit them," he explains. "If you will forgive me, I would rather not tell you their names right now." Hill adds that the group, while not part of the IRA, has links with it.

A few scraps of evidence support an Irish connection. On the night of the theft—St. Patrick's Day—one of the intruders casually addressed a guard as "mate," as in: "Let me have your hand, mate." Hill thinks it unlikely that a Boston thug or any other American would use that term; it would more likely come from an Irishman, Australian or Briton. Hill also connects the eclectic array of objects stolen to the Irish love of the horse. Most of the Degas sketches were equestrian subjects, "an iconic Irish image," he says. As for the Napoleonic flag, they settled for the finial—perhaps as a tribute of sorts to the French general who tried to link up with Irish rebels against Britain.

So in Hill's view, all roads lead to Ireland. "It's awful for the FBI," he says. "When the paintings are found here, it is going to be another terrible embarrassment for them. It will show that Whitey pulled off the largest robbery of a museum in modern history—right under their noses." Hill pauses for a moment. "Don't be too hard on them, now."

Back in Mrs. Gardner's museum, the crowds come and go. On a late winter day, sunlight splashes the mottled pink walls of the palazzo's inner court, where orchids bloom and schoolchildren sit with their sketchbooks, serenaded by water tumbling into an old stone pool placed there by Isabella Stewart Gardner. In her instructions for the museum that bears her name, she decreed that within the marble halls of her palace, each Roman statue, each French tapestry, each German silver tankard, each folding Japanese screen, and each of the hundreds of glorious paintings she loved so well should remain forever just as she had left them.

That is why today, upstairs on the second floor in the Dutch Room, where Rembrandt's roughed up 1629 self-portrait has been returned to its rightful place on the north wall, the painter stares out across the room, his eyes wide and brows arched, regarding a ghastly blank space where his paintings ought to be. All that's left are the empty frames.

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TOCQUEVILLE'S AMERICA

THE FRENCH AUTHOR'S PIQUANT OBSERVATIONS ON AMERICAN GUMPTION AND POLITICAL HYPOCRISY SOUND REMARKABLY CONTEMPORARY 200 YEARS AFTER HIS BIRTH **BY CLELL BRYANT**

I GOT THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE when, at age 36, I walked into the United States consulate in Montreal to apply for a visa and was told I was a U.S. citizen. I was born and raised in Canada, but because my father was born in the States, I'd unknowingly been a Yank all along.

Within a few weeks, I was working in New York City, where the pace was faster, the voices louder and the opportunities greater than in Canada. At first it seemed strange to be competing with my colleague in the next office, rather than being in league with him against management's follies. But soon enough I was enjoying it all, including the rivalry. Still, even after many years, I sometimes felt like a stranger in a strange land.

So I welcomed Alexis de Tocqueville as a fellow outsider who had also set out to understand Americans. Born 200 years ago this month, the author of *Democracy in America* wound up explaining this country better than anyone before or since.

He was only 25 and a sort of apprentice judge when he journeyed to America, in 1831, along with a friend, Gustave de Beaumont, a deputy public prosecutor. For nine-and-a-half months, they traveled the nation (with a brief foray into Canada), amazed, he put it in a letter home, at "the quantities of things one does manage to stuff into one's stomach here." They ventured south to New Orleans and as far north as Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Ostensibly, Tocqueville came to study American penitentiaries, which were of great interest to French prison reformers, but he had in mind a larger agenda, "a great work which will make our reputation someday."

He was an indefatigable reporter, asking questions of ordinary workmen, doctors, senators, professors, governors, Daniel Webster, Sam Houston, President Andrew Jackson, ex-President John Quincy Adams and Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence and the richest man in America. Then Tocqueville went home and wrote *Democracy in America*, an instant bestseller when the first of its two volumes was published in 1835. The title has never been out of print. (He let Beaumont handle the prisons report.)

Yet Tocqueville's great work is also, as a critic put it, "one of the world's least-read classics." I took that as something of a challenge, and set out to read every word.

Tocqueville's perceptions remain breathtaking, such as his analysis of how Americans had come to dominate the transatlantic trade in a few short decades. American ships cost almost as much to build as European ones, he noted, and American sailors earned much more than their European counterparts. What made the difference was that "the European navigator is cautious about venturing onto the high seas. He sets sail only when the weather is inviting." By contrast, the American "sets sail while the storm still rages" and "often ends in shipwreck, yet no one else plies the seas as rapidly as he does." And while a European will call at several ports on a long voyage, an American sailing from Boston to buy tea in Canton will put into port only once in a two-year voyage. "He has battled constantly with the sea, with disease, and with boredom. But upon his return, he can sell his tea for a penny a pound less than the English merchant." (This passage and others quoted from *Democracy in America* are

Tocqueville (in 1850): "I saw in America more than America."

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from the graceful and lively translation by Arthur Goldhammer, published in 2004 by the Library of America.)

The America that Tocqueville discovered was rich in contradictions. "I have often seen Americans make large and genuine sacrifices to the public good," he observed, "and I have noted on countless occasions that when necessary they almost never fail to lend one another a helping hand." At the same time, he went on, "Americans are taught from birth that they must overcome life's woes and impediments on their own. Social authority makes them mistrustful and anxious, and they rely upon its power only when they cannot do without it."

Tocqueville (as a nobleman, his last name, when used alone, was unburdened by the "de" that attaches to, say, the lower-born de Gaulle) was deeply worried about what he called the tyranny of the majority, which "in the United States enjoys immense actual power together with a power of opinion that is almost as great. And once it has made up its mind about a question, there is nothing that can stop it or even slow it long enough to hear the cries of those whom it crushes in passing.

"The consequences of this state of affairs are dire and spell danger for the future." It was his best-known insight.

Few nations can muster the unity of Americans in times of crisis, as was shown in the aftermath of 9/11. But Tocqueville found another side to that unity. In America, he noted, "the majority erects a formidable barrier around thought. Within the limits thus laid down, the writer is free, but woe unto him who dares to venture beyond those limits. . . . He must face all sorts of unpleasantness and daily persecution. . . . In the end, he gives in, he bends under the burden of such unremitting effort and retreats into silence, as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth." (One thinks of the vitriolic attacks on the writer Susan Sontag for suggesting that the 9/11 hijackers were not cowards, and deploring the "unanimity of the sanctimonious, reality-concealing rhetoric

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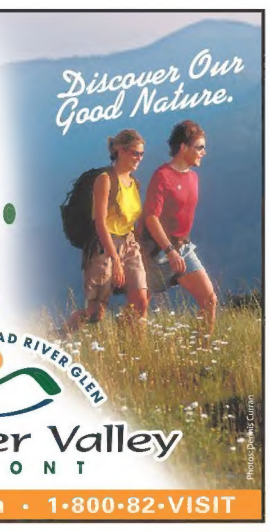

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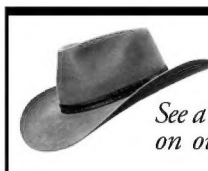

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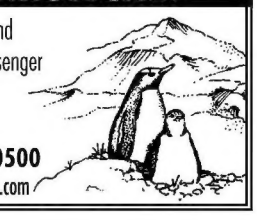

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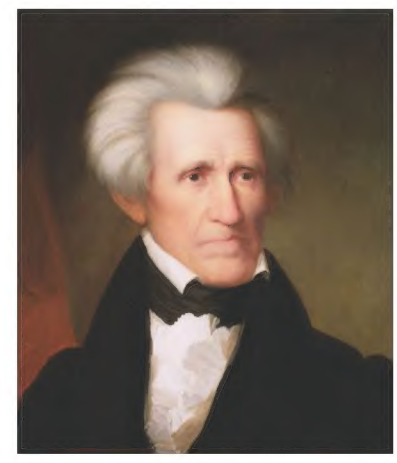
The American "sets sail while the storm still rages" and "often ends in shipwreck."

Tocqueville came to the United States to study the penal system with Gustave de Beaumont, who made this pen-and-ink and watercolor of a Pennsylvania prison.

spouted by American officials and media commentators.")

Indeed, the landscape has perennially been littered with politicians who could attest to the truth of Tocqueville's insight, from Barry Goldwater in 1964 to Howard Dean in 2004. But some things do change: Tocqueville would have been amazed at the blogosphere, where absolutely nobody retreats into silence.



The writer interviewed President Andrew Jackson (top) and ex-President John Quincy Adams (above).

Still, to Americans accustomed to celebrating their independence and freedom, it must come as a stinging surprise to read Tocqueville's observation that he knew "of no country where there is in general less independence of mind and true freedom of discussion than in America." Of course, in the 1830s, a pro-emancipation visitor might have hesitated to express his views in the U.S. South. But there are places in the United States today where one might hesitate to voice loudly an unpopular opinion; what with today's partisan divide, red-state views are seldom heard in blue states.

Like Shakespeare, Tocqueville speaks anew to each generation—and, as with Shakespeare, support can be found in his pages for a multitude of opinions. During the cold war, Tocqueville's perspicacity was much admired by political conservatives, who cited his ringing declaration that "the American's principal means of action is liberty; the Russian's servitude.

"Their points of departure are different, their ways diverse. Yet each seems called by a secret design of Providence some day to sway the destinies of half the globe." But his observations about war would likely cause many liberals (among others) to nod in agreement: "I predict that any warrior prince who may arise in a great democratic nation will find it easier to lead the army to conquest than to make it live in peace after victory. . . . "

A practicing Catholic, Tocqueville was struck by the religious aspect of the United States, which he judged to be far more dutiful than in France. He discussed this with members of all sects, and especially the Roman Catholic clergy, and found that "to a

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man they assigned primary credit for the peaceful ascendancy of religion in their country to the complete separation of church and state." Thus, he wrote, "As long as a religion rests solely on sentiments that console man in his misery, it can win the affection of the human race." But Tocqueville also cautioned: "Religion cannot share the material might of those who govern without incurring some of the hatred they inspire."

Sometimes it seems as if Tocqueville's piquant observations on political hypocrisy were about the Washington of today. He dryly noted both the growth of government and calls for its downsizing, and bemoaned the influence of special interests. As he observed, "There are always a host of men. . . . [who] accept the general principle that the public authorities should not intervene in private affairs, but each of them seeks, as an exception to this rule, help in the affair that is of special concern to him and tries to interest the government in acting in that area while continuing to ask that its actions in other areas be restricted."

But despite Tocqueville's awareness of flaws and paradoxes in the U.S. system, *Democracy in America* is optimistic, admiring, even flattering. "I saw in America more than America," he wrote. "It was the shape of Democracy itself which I saw."

Of course, his critics maintain that he is wordy, repetitive and wrong on several counts—for instance, his prediction of a bloody war between blacks and whites in the South. (Though the Civil War perhaps came close enough to vindicating him.) But for me, seeing the United States through Tocqueville's eyes illuminated issues—the potential tyranny of the majority—that are more important today than ever. Through that tireless young Frenchman's eyes I at last understood my new homeland, and was able to take the final step toward embracing it without reservation.

CLELL BRYANT freelances from his home in Katonah, New York.

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THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SHE BOUGHT THE ELECTRIC DRILL TO GET A TIDIER HOUSEHOLD.
THEN SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE SECRET SISTERHOOD **BY BETH HORNING**

When I told my friend Leslie about my new power drill, she thought I was trying to be funny. We were out walking, and I was thinking about Women's Power to Shape Our Environment and the primal satisfactions that came with attaching tiered baskets and a spice rack to my kitchen walls. "Really!" I said. "It's changed my life!"

Leslie detonated in laughter.

But why? Only a few weeks before, every square inch of floor and counter space in my house had been covered by the detritus of modern life (clothes, toys, books, foodstuffs, kitchen utensils). Acting on the basic human rage for order, I bought a Skil 3/8-inch variable-speed reversing power drill and set to work. I practiced with lower-order tasks, such as hanging the paper towel holder in the kitchen, and progressed to the tiered baskets and the spice rack. I found places to put things, and that made me feel serene. I discovered that I could make a hole in the wall without it falling down, and that made me feel . . . *strong*.

Still, Leslie's laughing bugged me. Would I be forever alone with these feelings?

Well, I am not alone. In fact, there is a whole tribe of us. We are strong. We are invincible. We are Women of the Drill.

My first intimation of this sisterhood came the next week, over coffee with my friend Linda. I had just hung an enormous wall mirror in the living room, making the space seem twice as big and myself feel, well, huge. I had to tell someone, but with Leslie in mind, I adopted a self-mocking tone when I told Linda, "Hey, I got this drill. It's changed my life."

"Yes!" Linda answered. "I know exactly what you mean!"

She knew exactly what I meant! Linda, it turned out, had been fearlessly installing light fixtures, closet rods, you name it, for decades. In no time I was sketching out ideas for projects and asking her advice.

A month or so later, I discovered that my sister-in-law Emily also had a drill—I saw it under her bathroom sink when I was looking for the toilet paper. I was so excited I carried it into the living room, heedless of the dinner party guests conversing over hors d'oeuvres. "Is this *yours*?" I asked—sure that it had to be, because my brother would never own such a thing. "I have one too," I said before she could answer. Our eyes locked.

"That pegboard . . . " I said.

"Over the stove!" she answered. "You noticed!" As everyone went back to the cheese and crackers, we raced to the kitchen, where she made me tug on the board and pull down pots and pans to feel their heft.

After that, I discovered compatriots everywhere. In the drugstore I spotted a tattooed, green-haired teenager wearing a cordless model in a low-slung holster. On the bus there was a middle-aged mother in a Merry Maids uniform excitedly telling her son about the shelves she was going to put up in his room. Then there was my therapist.

I told her about the postcard I'd just gotten from Leslie, who was vacationing in a tropical paradise. "I trust that you continue to reap deep pleasure from your drill (yuk yuk)," she had written. *God, Leslie, get a life!*, I thought as I read through my safety glasses. I was just then installing a bulletin board on my daughter's wall. The drill itself was inches from my hand. When temptation called, I did not resist: I bored a 9/64-inch hole through the offending sentence.

But over the next few days, I started to wonder whether Leslie might have a point. I decided to let my therapist referee and told her the story. And what did she do? Did she ask what the drill reminded me of? Did she invite me to imagine that the drill was seated next to me, ready to converse and, eventually, reveal its secrets?

No, she did not. And I share this knowing there are other souls who need to hear it. She simply picked the lint off her sweater, recrossed her legs and told me matter-of-factly that sometimes a drill is just a drill.

Then she smiled. "And a drill," she added, as her gaze drifted to the wall behind me—I turned to see a large, expertly hung mirror—"a drill can be a fine thing."

BETH HORNING is a freelance writer living in Cambridge, Mass.

ALLEN BREWER